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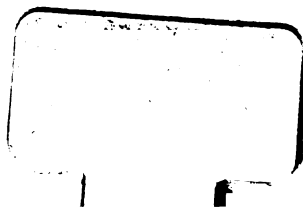
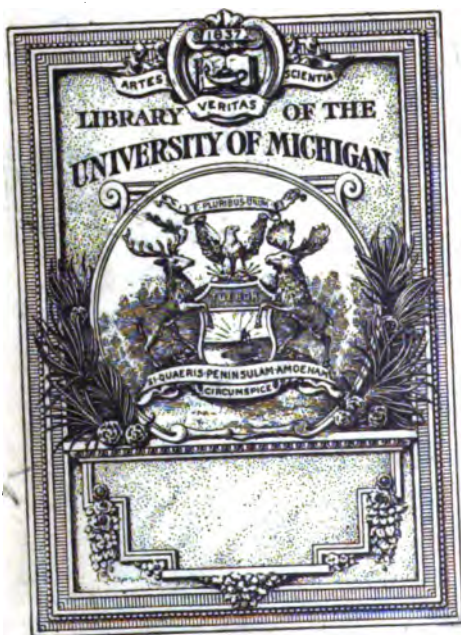
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BALLADS
OLD & NEW

PART I

H. B. COTTERILL





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English Literature for Secondary Schools

General Editor :—J. H. FOWLER, M.A.

BALLADS OLD AND NEW

PART I



MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

**LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA
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TORONTO

Ballads Old & New

Part I.

Selected and Edited for School Use with Glossary, &c.

by

H. B. Cotterill, M.A.

Editor of 'Selections from the Inferno'; 'Extracts from the Nibelungenlied'
Virgil's 'Aeneid' I. and VI.; Milton's 'Lycidas' and 'Areopagitica'
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INTRODUCTION.

A 'BALLAD' means really a dance-song. The word, Italian in origin, was derived from the Troubadours¹ of Provence by Norman-French minstrels, and by them was introduced into England, where it seems to have been at first applied to the native 'ring-song'—a song in short rimed stanzas chanted by a ring of dancers, or as an accompaniment to dancers. The name was then extended to other folk-songs—to Lays and Gestes and popular Rimes, legendary, heroic, and romantic.

These 'ballads' were recited by minstrels (like the rhapsodists of Homeric times), and were as welcome in the cottage of the peasant as in the hall of the noble. By whom they were originally composed is unknown; nor is it of much importance, for in course of time so many different versions sprang up, and so many additions or alterations were made to suit public taste

¹ 'The invention of the Troubadours was fertile in dance-songs. . . . Such was the famous *Carol*, and the *Espringerie*, or jumping dance. From the same source came the *Ballata*, or Ballad' (Grove's *Dict. of Music*). This *Ballata* must be distinguished from the *Ballade* of French literature—a short poem of very conventional type. Notice in passing that very probably all rhythm in music and poetry originated in the movements of marching, dancing, rowing, etc. (See remarks on *Rhythm in English Verse* in my edition of *Lycidas*.)

and sentiment, that we may regard an old ballad as a 'folk-song'—a work of the people—rather than the composition of any single writer. They were, as a rule, short, vivid narratives, consisting of one or more 'fittes' (cantos) of four-lined stanzas in rough rime and rhythm, and were chanted to a repeated melody, with or without a chorus or refrain.¹

Such rough, vigorous folk-songs were admirably suited to the national taste, which would have been totally incapable of appreciating the delicately polished love-poetry of the Troubadours and Minnesingers, or the long Sagas and Epics, such as the Norse *Edda*, the German *Nibelungenlied*, and the French *Charlemagne Romances*, which at that time (say, about 1200) were popular among other European nations.

The ballads in our collection differ very much in age and in character. The earliest written or printed copies of our oldest ballads date probably from about 1500, but some of these old ballads evidently existed in their present form a century, or even perhaps two centuries, before that date; and these versions seem to have been founded on older folk-songs, fragments of which have from time to time been discovered. Some, indeed, of these old songs (as is the case also with many fairy-tales) are thought to be derived from sources more ancient than our earliest English civilisation, and to be comparatively modern adaptations, with new local colouring, of very old themes, which are to be found not only

¹ Many old ballads had their special tunes, and most of these tunes seem to have been originally dance-tunes. *Chevy Chase* was sung to three tunes, one of which was the well-known 'The Hunt is up.'

among other European nations, but even among Orientals and Africans. To this class of ballads belong *Kempion*, *Tamlane*, and *Young Beichan*.

Besides these there are not a few that are interesting on account of their historical background, although it must be confessed that in most cases this historical background is rather faint and vague. Such are *Cherry Chase*, *Sir Patrick Spens*, *The Robin Hood ballads*, *Fair Rosamund*, and *The Death of Darnley*.

Others, again, possess what one may perhaps call a literary background. Some of these, such as *King Cophtua*, *King Lear*, *The Jew of Venice*, and *King Arthur's Death*, although of no great value as poetry, are very interesting because of their association with what is supremely great in our literature.

But the true value of our ballads does not consist in their backgrounds. It consists in their poetry; and some of them stand in the very first rank as poetry on account of their descriptive and imaginative power, or their intense pathos. There is in some of these old poems the same vividness of natural feeling and directness of speech which we find in Homer and the *Nibelungenlied*, and which sometimes makes one turn away dissatisfied from the artificiality of ordinary poetry.

In the present collection, which consists of two Parts, will be found about twenty modern ballads. These pieces are to some extent imitative, and may therefore seem to lack that perfect *sincerity* which is essential for all true art. In many cases, in spite of external similarity, they possess little or nothing of the grand rugged strength of an old ballad—the strength, as it were, of some old gnarled oak-tree—and sometimes they

do not possess even an outward similarity with anything that one regards as a typical English ballad.

But many of these modern ballads are nevertheless very noble poems, entirely worthy to stand side by side with the best of our old ballads, whether or not we are willing to admit them into exactly that class of poetry to which *Chevy Chase*, *Kempion*, and *Helen of Kirconnell* belong.

1. THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.

THE FIRST FITT.

THE Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,
In the mauger of doughty Douglas
And all that with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
He said he would kill and carry them away.
'By my faith,' said the doughty Douglas again,
'I will let that hunting, if that I may.' 10

Then Percy out of Bamborough came,
And with him a mighty meny,
With fifteen hundred archers bold;
They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday at morn
In Cheviot the hills so hie;
The child may rue that is unborn;
It was the more pitie.

The drivers thorough the woodés went
For to raise the deer; 20
Bowmen bicker'd upon the bent
With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild thorough the woodés went
On every side sheer ;
Greyhounds thorough the grevés glent,
For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot the hills above
Early on a Monan-day ;
By that it drew to the hour of noon
A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

30

They blew a mort upon the bent ;
They sembled on sidés sheer :
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To see the brittling of the deer.

He said 'It was the Douglas' promise
This day to meet me here,
But I wist he would fail, verament' ;
A great oath the Percy swara.

At the last a squire of Northumberland
Looked at his hand full nigh ;
He was ware of the doughty Douglas coming
With him a mighty meny

40

Both with spear, bill, and brand ;
It was a mighty sight to see ;
Hardier men both of heart nor hand
Were not in Christiantie.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good
Withouten any fail ;
They were borne along by the water of Tweed
In the bounds of Tivydale.

50

'Leave off the brittling of the deer,' he said,
'And to your bows look ye take good heed,
For never since ye were of your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need.'

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE 3

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode at his men befor;
His armour glittered as a glede;
A bolder bairn was never born.

'Tell me what men ye are,' he says,
'Or whose men that ye be!
Who gave you leave to hunt in this
Cheviot chase in the spite of me!'

69

The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good lord Percy;
'We will not tell thee what men we are
Nor whose men that we be,
But we will hunt here in this chase
In the spite of thine and of thee.

'The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have killed, and cast to carry them away.'
'By my troth,' said the doughty Douglas again,
'There-for the one of us shall die this day.'

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the lord Percy:
'To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas, it were great pitie.

'But Percy, thou art a lord of land;
I am an Earl call'd within my countrie;
Let all our men upon a parti stand,
And do the battle of thee and of me.'

80

'Now a curse on his crown,' said the lord Percy,
'Whosoever thereto says nay!
By my troth, doughty Douglas,' he says,
'Thou shalt never see that day.'

'Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
 There is no man of a woman born,
 But, an fortune be my chance,
 I dare meet him one man for one.'

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,—
 Ric Wytharynton was his name— 90
 'It shall never be told in South-England,' he says,
 'To King Harry the fourth, for shame.

'I wot you be great lordés twa ;
 I am a poor squire of land ;
 I will ne'er see my captains fight on a field,
 And look on, and by myself stand ;
 But while I may my weapon wield
 I will fail not, both heart and hand.'

THE SECOND FITT.

The English men had their bowés bent ;
 Their hearts were good yenough ; 100
 The first of arrows that they shot off
 Seven score spearmen they slough.

The Douglas parted his host in three,
 Like a chief chieftain of pride ;
 With sure spears of mighty tree
 They come in on every side.

The English men let their bowés be,
 And pulled out brands that were bright ;
 It was a heavy sight to see
 Bright swords on bas'nets light. 110

At last the Percy and the Douglas met,
 Like two captains of might and main ;
 They swapt together till they both swet
 With swords that were of fine Milan.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE 5

These worthy frekés for to fight
There-to they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their bas'nets spreit
As ever did hail or rain.

'Hold thee, Percy,' said the Douglas,
'And in faith I shall thee bring 120
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages
Of Jamie, our Scottish king.

'Thou shalt have thy ransom free ;
I hight thee here this thing,
Fer the manfullest man yet art thou
That ever I conquered in field fighting.'

'Nay,' said the Lord Percy,
'I told it thee befor
That I would never yielded be
To no man of a woman born.' 130

With that there came an arrow hastily
Forth of a mighty one ;
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast bone ;

Thorough liver and lungs both
The sharp arrow is gone,
That never after in all his life-days
He spake more words than one ;
That was—'Fight ye, my merry men, whilst ye may,
For my life-days be gone.' 140

The Percy leaned on his brand
And saw the Douglas dee ;
He took the dead man by the hand
And said : 'Woe is me for thee !

'To have saved thy life I would have parted with
My landés for years three ;
For a better man, of heart nor of hand,
Was not in all the north countrie.'

Of all that saw a Scottish knight,
Was called Sir Hugh the Montgomery ; 150
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
He spende a spear of a trusty tree.

He rode upon a corsiare
Through a hundred archery ;
He never stinted, nor never blan,
Till he came to the good lord Percy.

He set upon the lord Percy
A dint that was full sore ;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean through the body he the Percy bore, 160

At the other side that a man might see
A large cloth-yard and mair.
Two better captains were not in Christiantie
Than that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland
Saw slain was the lord Percy ,
He bare a bend-bow in his hand
Was made of a trusty tree.

An arrow that was a cloth-yard long
To the hard steel haled he ; 170
A dint that was both sad and sore
He set on Sir Hugh the Montgomery.

The dint it was both sad and sair,
That he on Montgomery set ;
The swan-feathers that his arrow bare
With his heart-blood were wet.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE 7

This battle began in Cheviot
An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rung
The battle was not half done. 180

They took off on either hand
By the light of the moon ;
Many had no strength for to stand
In Cheviot the hills aboon.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England
Went away but fifty and three ;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland
But even five and fiftie.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel gray ; 190
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their makés away.

Word is come to Edinborough,
To Jamie the Scottish king,
That doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches,
He lay slain Cheviot within.

His handés did he weal and wring ;
He said, 'Alas, and woe is me !
Such another captain Scotland within,'
He said 'in faith shall never be.' 200

Word is come to lovely London,
To the fourth Harry, our King,
That Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
He lay slain Cheviot within.

'God have mercy on his soul,' said King Harry,
'Good Lord if Thy will it be !
I have a hundred captains in England,' he said,
'As good as ever was he ;

But, Percy, an I brook my life,
Thy death well quit shall be.'

210

Jesus Christ our bales abate,
And into bliss us bring ;
This was the hunting of the Cheviot.
God send us all good ending !

2. SIR PATRICK SPENS.

The king sits in Dunfermline town ,
Drinking the blood red wine ;
'O where will I get a good sailor
To sail this ship of mine ?'

Up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat by the king's right knee :
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That sails upon the sea.'

Our king has written a broad letter
And signed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

10

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the foam !
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou must bring her home.'

Lead / The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughéd he ;
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

20

'O who is this has done this deed,
This ill deed done to me,
To send me out this time of the year
To sail upon the sea?

'Be it wind, be it wet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the foam;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her home.'

They hoist their sails on Monanday morn
With all the speed they may;
They have landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

20

They had not been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords of Noroway
Began aloud to say:

'Ye Scottishmen spend all our king's gold
And all our queen's fee.'—
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Full loud I hear ye lie:

40

'For I brought as much white money
As gain my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou of good red gold
Out o'er the sea with me.'

'Make ready, make ready, my merry men all
Our good ship sails the morn.'
'Now, ever alack! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen
With the auld moon in her arm,
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

50

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the light grew dark and the wind blew loud,
And gully grew the sea.

The anchors brake and the topmasts lap,
It was such a deadly storm ;
And the waves came over the broken ship,
Till all her sides were torn. 60

'O where will I get a good sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land ?'

'O here am I, a sailor good,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast ;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He had not gone a step, a step,
A step but barely ane, 70
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

'Go fetch a web of the silken cloth,
Another of the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let not the sea come in !'

They fetched a web of the silken cloth,
Another of the twine,
And they wapp'd them round that good ship's side,
But still the sea came in. 80

O loth, loth were our good Scots lords
To wet their cork-heeled shoon ;
But long ere all the play was played
Their hats they swam aboon.

And many was the feather-bed
That fluttered on the foam ;
And many was the good lord's son
That never more came home.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit
With their fans into their hand, 90
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
With their gold combs in their hair,
Awaiting for their own dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half over, half over to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathoms deep ;
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens,
With the Scots lords at his feet. 100

3. KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John ;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong and maintain'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ;
How for his house-keeping, and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day ; 10
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me,
And, for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were known,
I never spend nothing but what is my own ;
And I trust your grace will do me no dere
For spending of my own true-gotten gear. 20

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die ;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy body.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about. 30
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet :
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest thou hast to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me. 40

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford ;
But never a doctor there was so wise
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
 And he met his shepherd a going to fold :
 How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
 What news do you bring us from good King John?

Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give :
 That I have but three days more to live ; 50
 For if I do not answer him questions three,
 My head will be smitten from my body.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
 With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
 Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
 To within one penny of what he is worth.

The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
 How soon he may ride this whole world about :
 And at the third question I must not shrink,
 To tell him there truly what he does think. 60

Now cheer up, sir abbot ! Did you never hear yet,
 That a fool he may learn a wise man wit ?
 Lend me horse, and your serving men, and apparel,
 And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

Nay frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
 I am like your lordship as ever may be :
 And if you will but lend me your gown,
 There is none shall know us at fair London town.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shall have,
 With sumptuous array most gallant and brave, 70
 With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
 Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope.

Now welcome, sir abbot, the king he did say,
 'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day ;
 For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
 Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

And first when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth. 80

'For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou'rt *one* penny worsen than he.'

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel:
I did not think I had been worth so little!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about.

'You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again; 90
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.'

The king he laughed, and swore by St. John:
I did not think I could do it so soon!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

'Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
You think I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.' 100

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!
'Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack I can neither write nor read.'

Four nobles a week then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King
John.

4. FAIR ROSAMUND.

WHEN as King Henry ruied this land
The second of that name,
Above all else he dearly loved
A fair and comely dame.

Her crisped locks like threads of gold
Appear'd to each man's sight ;
Her sparkling eyes, like orient pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light.

The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive.

10

Yea Rosamund, fair Rosamund,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queen, dame Ellinor
Was known a deadly foe.

The king therefore, for her defence
Against the furious queen,
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
The like was never seen.

20

Most curiously that bower was built.
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong ;

And they so cunningly contrived,
With turnings round about,
That none, but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in and out.

And for his love and lady's sake,
That was so fair and bright, 30
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knight.

But fortune, that doth often frown
Where she before did smile,
The king's delight and lady's joy
Full soon she did beguile.

For why? the king's ungracious son,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised wars
Within the realm of France. 40

But yet before our comely king
The English land forsook,
Of Rosamund, his lady fair,
His farewell thus he took :

'My Rosamund, my only rose,
That pleaseth best mine eye :
The fairest flower in all the world
To feed my fantasy ;

'The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excel 50
All roses else a thousand times,
I bid thee now farewell.'

When Rosamund, that lady bright,
Did hear the king say so,
The sorrow of her grieved heart
Her outward looks did show ;

And from her clear and crystal eyes
The tears gush'd out apace,
Which like the silver-pearled dew
Ran down her comely face. 60

'Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?'

The king did often say.

'Because,' quoth she, 'to bloody wars

My lord must part away.

'But since your Grace on foreign coasts,

Among your foes unkind,

Must go to hazard life and limb,

Why should I stay behind?

'Nay, rather let me, like a page,

Your sword and target bear,

That on my breast the blows may light,

Which would offend you there.

70

'So I your presence may enjoy

No toil I will refuse ;

But wanting you my life is death ;

Nay, death I'd rather choose.'

'Content thyself, my dearest love ;

Thy rest at home shall be,

In England's sweet and pleasant isle ;

For travel fits not thee.

80

'My Rose shall safely here abide,

With music pass the day,

Whilst I among the piercing pikes

My foes seek far away.

'And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust

To be my love's defence,

Be careful of my gallant Rose

When I am parted hence.'

And therewithal he fetch'd a sigh

As though his heart would break :

And Rosamund, for very grief,

Not one plain word could speak.

90

And at their parting well they might
In heart be grieved sore :
After that day fair Rosamund
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone,
With envious heart queen Ellinor
To Woodstock came anon.

100

And forth she calls the trusty knight
In an unhappy hour ;
Who with his clue of twined thread
Came from the famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him
The queen this thread did get,
And went, where lady Rosamund
Was like an angel set.

But when the queen with steadfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her mind
At her exceeding grace.

110

'Cast off from thee those robes,' she said,
'That rich and costly be ;
And drink thou up this deadly draught,
Which I have brought to thee.'

Then presently upon her knees
Sweet Rosamund did fall,
And pardon of the queen she craved
For her offences all.

120

'Take pity on my youthful years,
Fair Rosamund did cry,
'And let me not with poison strong
Enforced be to die.'

And, with these words, her lily hands
She wrung full often there ;
And down along her lovely face
Did trickle many a tear.

But nothing could this furious queen
Therewith appeased be ;
The cup of deadly poison strong,
As she knelt on her knee,

She gave this comely dame to drink,
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand ;

And casting up her eyes to heaven
She did for mercy call ;
And drinking up the poison strong,
Her life she lost withal.

And when that death through every limb
Had show'd its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plain confess
She was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, near to Oxford town,
As may be seen this day.

5. THE DEATH OF DARNLEY.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, false Scotland !
For thou hast ever wrought by sleight ;
The worthiest prince that e'er was born
Ye hanged under a cloud by night.

The queen of France a letter wrote,
And sealéd it with heart and ring,
And bade him come Scotland within,
And she would marry and crown him king.

To be a king is a pleasant thing—
To be a prince unto a peer ; 10
But you have heard, and so have I too,
A man may well buy gold too dear.

There was an Italian in that place,
Was as well beloved as ever was he,
David Rizzio was his name,
Chamberlain to the queen was he.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
He would have sat him down in the chair,
And, though it beseemed him not so well,
Altho' the king had been present there. 20

Some lords in Scotland waxéd wroth
And quarrelled with him for the nonce ;
I shall tell you how it befell,—
Twelve daggers were in him at once.

Then some of the lords they waxéd wroth
And made a vow all vehemently,
For the death of the queen's chamberlain
The king himself how he shall dee.

With gun-powder they strewed his room,
And laid green rushes in his way, 20
For the traitors thought that very night
This worthy king for to betray.

To bed the king he made him boun ;
To take his rest was his desire.
He was no sooner cast on sleep
But his chamber was on a blazing fire.

Up he leapt and the window brake,
And he had thirty foot to fall.
Lord Bothwell kept a privy watch
Underneath his castle wall.

40

'Who have we here?' Lord Bothwell said;
'Now answer me, that I may know!'
'King Harry the eighth my uncle was;
For his sweet sake some pity show!'

'Who have we here?' Lord Bothwell said;
'Now answer me when I do speak!'
'Ah, Lord Bothwell, I know thee well.
Some pity on me, I pray thee take!'

'I'll pity thee as much,' he said,
'And as much favour show to thee.
As thou didst to the queen's chamberlain
That day thou doomedst him to dee.'

50

Through halls and towers the king they led,
Through towers and castles that were nigh,
Through an arbour into an orchard;
There on a pear-tree hanged him high.

When the governor of Scotland heard
How that the worthy king was slain,
He pursued the queen so bitterly
That in Scotland she dare not remain;

60

But she is fled to merry England,
And here her residence hath ta'en,
And through the queen of England's grace
In England now she doth remain.

6. ROBIN HOOD AND THE WIDOW'S SONS.

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

'What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
What news hast thou for me?' 10
Said she, 'There's my three sons in Nottingham town
To-day condemned to die.'

'O what have they done?' said Robin Hood,
'I pray thee tell to me.'
'It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee.'

'Dost thou not mind, old woman,' he said,
'How thou madest me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body,' quoth bold Robin Hood, 20
'You could not tell it in better time.'

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

'What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?'
Said he, 'Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemned to die this day.'

'Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine ; 20
Here is ten shillings in good silv'ér ;
Go drink it in beer or wine.'

'O, thine apparel is good,' he said,
'And mine is ragged and torn ;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh not an old man to scorn.'

'Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine ;
Here is a piece of good broad gold ;
Go feast thy brethren with wine.' 40

Then he put on the old man's hat ;
It stood full high on the crown :
'The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down.'

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patch'd black, blue, and red ;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patch'd from leg to side : 50
'By the truth of my body,' bold Robin 'gan say,
'This man loved little pride.'

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patch'd from knee to wrist :
'By the truth of my body,' said bold Robin Hood,
'I'd laugh if I had any list.'

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon ;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath :
'It's good habit that makes a man.' 60

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
 With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
 Was walking along the town.

'Save you, save you, sheriff!' he said;
 'Now heaven you save and see!
And what will you give to a silly old man
 To-day will your hangman be?'

'Some suits, some suits,' the sheriff he said,
 'Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
 To-day's a hangman's fee.'

70

Then Robin he turns him round about,
 And jumps from stock to stone:
'By the truth of my body,' the sheriff he said,
 'That's well jump't, thou nimble old man.'

'I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
 Nor yet intend to trade;
But curst be he,' said bold Robin,
 'That first a hangman was made!'

80

'I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
 And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
 And a bag for my little small horn.

'I have a horn in my pocket,
 I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
 For thee it blows little good.'

'O, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow!
 Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou would give such a blast,
 Till both thy eyes fall out.'

90

The first loud blast that he did blow
 He blew both loud and shrill ;
 A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
 Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give
 He blew both loud and amain,
 And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
 Came shining over the plain. 100

'O, who are those,' the sheriff he said,
 'Come tripping over the lee ?'
 'They're my attendants,' brave Robin did say ;
 'They'll pay a visit to thee.'

They took the gallows from the slack,
 They set it in the glen,
 They hanged the proud sheriff on that,
 Released their own three men.

7. KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

I READ that once in Africa
 A princely wight did reign
 Who had to name Cophetua,
 As poets they did feign :
 From nature's laws he did decline,
 For sure he was not of my mind,
 He cared not for women-kind,
 But did them all disdain.
 But mark what happened on a day :
 As he out of his window lay,
 He saw a beggar all in gray, 10
 The which did cause his pain.

The blinded boy, that shoots so trim,
From heaven down did he ;
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lie :
Which soon did pierce him to the quick,
And when he felt the arrow prick,
Which in his tender heart did stick,
He looked as he would die. 20
What sudden chance is this, quoth he
That I to love must subject be,
Who never thereto would agree,
But still did it defy ?

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed,
A thousand heaps of care did run
Within his troubled head :
For now he means to crave her love,
And now he seeks which way to prove 20
How he his fancy might remove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare
That this poor beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or else he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lie,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her company
That so did 'maze his eyes. 40
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life ;
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife
The Gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his palace gate he goes ;

Full little then this beggar knows
 When she the king espies.

The Gods preserve your majesty,
 The beggars all 'gan cry : 50
 Vouchsafe to give your charity
 Our children's food to buy.
 The king to them his purse did cast,
 And they to part it made great haste ;
 This silly woman was the last
 That after them did hie.
 The king he call'd her back again,
 And unto her he gave his chain ;
 And said, With us you shall remain
 Till such time as we die : 60

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,
 And honoured for my queen ;
 With thee I mean to lead my life,
 As shortly shall be seen :
 Our wedding shall appointed be,
 And every thing in its degree.
 Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
 Thou shalt go shift thee clean.
 What is thy name, fair maid ? quoth he.
 Penelophon, O king, quoth she : 70
 With that she made a low curtesy—
 A trim one as I ween.

Thus hand in hand along they walk
 Unto the king's palace.
 The king with courteous comely talk
 This beggar doth embrace ;
 The beggar blusheth scarlet red,
 And straight again as pale as lead,
 But not a word at all she said,
 She was in such amaze. 80

At last she spake with trembling voice,
And said, O king, I do rejoice
That you will take me for your choice,
And my degree's so base.

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded straight
The noblemen both all and some
Upon the queen to wait.

And she behaved herself that day
As if she had never walked the way ;
She had forgot her gown of gray,
Which she did wear of late.

90

The proverb old is come to pass,
The priest, when he begins his mass,
Forgets that ever clerk he was ;
He knoweth not his estate.

And thus they led a quiet life
During their princely reign ;
And in a tomb were buried both,
As writers sheweth plain.

100

The lords they took it grievously
The ladies took it heavily,
The commons cried piteously,
Their death to them was pain ;
Their fame did sound so passingly,
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the world did fly
To every prince's realm.

8. THE JEW OF VENICE.

IN Venice town not long ago a cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usury, as Italian writers tell ;

And in that city dwelt that time a merchant of great fame,
Who, being distressed, in his need unto Gernutus came,

Desiring him to stand his friend for twelve month and a
day,
To lend to him a hundred crowns: and he for it would
pay

Whate'er he would demand of him, and pledges he should
have.

No (quoth the Jew with fleering looks); Sir, ask what
you will have!

No penny for the loan of it for one year you shall pay;
You may do me as good a turn, before my dying day. 10

But we will have a merry jest, for to be talked of long:
You shall make me a bond, quoth he, that shall be large
and strong:

And this shall be the forfeiture: of your own flesh a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond, and here's a hundred
crown.

With right good will! the merchant says: and so the
bond was made.

When twelve month and a day drew on that back it
should be paid,

The merchant's ships were all at sea, and money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to do to think he doth begin;

And to Gernutus straight he comes with cap and bended
knee,

And said to him, Of courtesy I pray you bear with me. 20

My day is come, and I have not the money for to pay:
And little good the forfeiture will do you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus said, command it to your
mind :

In things of bigger weight than this you shall me ready
find.

He goes his way ; the day once past Gernutus doth not
slack

To get a sergeant presently, and clapt him on the back,
And laid him into prison strong, and sued his bond withal ;
And when the judgment day was come, for judgment he
did call.

The merchant's friends came thither fast, with many a
weeping eye,
For other means they could not find, but he that day
must die. 80

Some offered for the hundred crowns five hundred for
to pay ;
And some a thousand, two or three, yet still he answer'd
Nay ;

And at the last ten thousand crowns they offered, him to
save.

Gernutus said, I will no gold : my forfeit I will have.

A pound of flesh is my demand, and that shall be my hire.
Then said the judge, Yet, good my friend, let me of you
desire

To take the flesh from such a place, as yet you let him
live :

Do so, and lo ! an hundred crowns to thee here will I give.

No, no, quoth he ; no : judgment here : for this it shall
be tried,

For I will have my pound of flesh from under his right
side. 40

It grievéd all the company his cruelty to see,
For neither friend nor foe could help but he must spoiled be.

The bloody Jew now ready is with whetted blade in hand
To spoil the blood of innocent, by forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike in him the deadly blow,
Stay (quoth the judge) thy cruelty ; I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have, which is of flesh
a pound,
See that thou shed no drop of blood, nor yet the man
confound ;

For if thou do, like murderer thou here shalt hanged be.
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut no more than 'longs
to thee ;

so

For if thou take either more or less to the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hangéd presently, as is both law and right.

Gernutus now wax'd frantic mad, and wots not what to
say ;

Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crowns I will that he
shall pay ;

And so I grant to set him free. The judge doth answer
make :

You shall not have a penny given ; your forfeiture now
take.

Then at the last he doth demand but for to have his own.
No, quoth the judge, do as you list, thy judgment shall
be shown.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he, or cancel me
your bond.

O cruel judge, then quoth the Jew, that doth against me
stand !

so

And so with griping grievéd mind he biddeth them farewell.
Then all the people prais'd the Lord, that ever this heard
tell.

Good people, that do hear this song, for truth I dare
well say

That many a wretch as ill as he doth live now at this day,

That seeketh nothing but the spoil of many a wealthy man,
And for to trap the innocent deviseth what they car.

From whom the Lord deliver me, and every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke that meaneth so to do.

9. THE FAIRY PRINCE

It was intill a pleasant time,
Upon a summer's day,
The noble Earl Mar's daughter
Went forth to sport and play.

And as she play'd and sported
Below a green oak tree,
There she saw a sprightly doo
Set on a branch so hie.

'O Coo-my-doo, my Love so true,
If ye'll come down to me,
Ye'll have a cage of good red gold
Instead of simple tree.'

10

And she had not these words well spoke,
Nor yet these words well said,
Till Coo-my-doo flew from the branch,
And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird
Home to her bower and hall,
And made him shine as fair a bird
As any of them all.

20

When day was gone and night was come,
About the evening-tide,
This lady spied a sprightly youth
Stand straight up by her side.

'Now whence came ye, young man,' she said,
'To put me into fear?
My door was bolted right secure;
And what way came ye here?'

'O hold your tongue, my lady fair!
Let all your folly be!
Mind ye not o' your turtle dove,
Ye coaxed from off the tree?'

20

'O who are ye, young man?' she said,
'What country come ye frae?'
—'I flew across the sea,' he said,
'Twas but this very day.

'My mother is a queen,' he says,
'Likewise of magic skill:
'Twas she that turn'd me in a doo,
To fly where'er I will.

40

'And it was but this very day
That I came o'er the sea:
I loved you at a single look;
With you I'll live and dee.'

—'O Coo-my-doo, my Love so true,
No more from me ye'll go.'
—'That's never my intent, my Love;
As ye said, it shall be so.'

Thus he has stay'd in bower with her
For twenty years and three ;
Till there came a lord of high renown
To court this fair ladye.

50

But still his proffer she refused,
And all his presents too ;
Says, 'I'm content to live alone
With my bird Coo-my-doo.'

Her father sware a solemn oath
Among the nobles all :
'To-morrow, ere I eat or drink,
That bird I'll surely kill.'

60

The bird was sitting in his cage,
And heard what he did say ;
He jump'd upon the window-sill :
'Tis time I was away.'

Then Coo-my-doo took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea,
And lighted at his mother's castle,
On a tower of gold so hie.

The Queen his mother was walking out,
To see what she could see,
And there she saw her darling son
Set on the tower so hie.

70

'Get dancers here to dance,' she said,
'And minstrels for to play ;
For here's my dear son Florentine
Come back with me to stay.'

—'Instead of dancers to dance, mother,
Or minstrels for to play,
Turn four-and-twenty well-wight men
Like storks, in feathers gray ;

80

'Your seven sons in seven swans,
Above their heads to flee;
And I myself a gay gooshawk,
A bird of high degree.'

This flock of birds took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea;
They landed near the Earl Mar's castle,
Took shelter in every tree.

These birds flew up from bush and tree,
And lighted on the hall;
And when the wedding-train came forth,
Flew down among them all.

90

The storks they seized the boldest men,
That they could not fight or flee;
The swans they bound the bridegroom fast
Unto a green oak tree.

They flew around the bride-maidens,
Then on the bride's own head;
And with the twinkling of an eye,
The bride and they were fled.

100

There's ancient men at weddings been,
For eighty years or more,
But such a curious wedding day
They never saw before.

10. YOUNG TAMLANE.

'Now once it fell upon a day,
As hunting I did ride,
As I rode east o'er yonder hill,
Strange chance did me betide.

'There blew a drowsy, drowsy wind;
Dead sleep upon me fell;
The Queen of Fairies bore me off
In the green hill to dwell.

'And I would never tire, Janet,
In Elfin-land to dwell;
But aye at every seven years
They pay the tithe to hell,
And I am so fat and fair of flesh
I fear 'twill be mysell.

10

'This night is Hallowe'en, Janet,
When fairy folk will ride,
And if that ye would ransom me,
At Miles Cross must ye bide.

'Ye'll go into the Miles Moss
Between twelve hours and one;
Take holy water in your hand
And cast a compass round.'

20

But how shall I ken thee, Tamlane,
O, how shall I ken thee,
Among so many elfin knights,
The like I ne'er did see?'

'The first court that comes along,
Ye'll let them all pass by;
The second court that comes along,
Salute them reverently.

30

'The third court that comes along
Is clad in robes of green,
And it's the head court of them all,
And in it rides the Queen.

'I ride upon a milk-white steed
With a bright star in my crown :
Because I am a christen'd knight
They gave me that renown.

'First let pass the black, Janet,
And then let pass the brown,
But grip ye to the milk-white steed
And pull the rider down.

40

'First dip me in a stand of milk
And then in a stand of water ;
But hold me fast ! let me not pass !
For I'm your bairn's own father.

'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
Like ice in a frozen lake ;
They'll turn me into a burning fire,
An adder and a snake.

50

'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A toad and then an eel ;
But hold me fast ! let not me pass !
As you do love me well.

'They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,
A dove and then a swan,
They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,
At last into a man.
Then cast your green mantle over me,
And so shall I be won.'

60

That very night unto Miles Moss
Fair Janet she is gone,
And she is standing neath the Cross
Between twelve hours and one.

Between the hours of twelve and one
A north wind tore the bent,
And straight she heard strange elfin sounds,
Upon the wind that went.

About the dead hour of the night
She heard the bridles ring ;
And Janet was as glad of that
As any earthly thing.

70

There's holy water in her hand ;
She casts a compass round ;
And soon she sees a fairy band
Come riding o'er the mound.

And first went by the black, black steed,
And then went by the brown ;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pulled the rider down.

80

She pulled him from the milk-white steed,
And let the bridle fall ;
And up there rose an eldritch cry :
'He's won away from us all !'

They turned him in fair Janet's arms
Like ice in a frozen lake ;
They turned him into a burning fire,
An adder and a snake.

They shaped him in fair Janet's arms
At last into a man.
She cast her green mantle over him,
And so her true love won.

90

Up then and spake the Queen of Fairies
Out of a bush of broom ;
'She that has ransom'd young Tamlang
Has gotten a stately groom.'

Up then and spake the Queen of Fairies
Out of a bush of rye :
'She has taken away the bonniest knight
In all my company.

100

'But had I known, Tamlane,' she says,
'A lady would ransom thee,
I'd have taken out thy two grey eyes
And put in two eyes of tree.

'Had I but known, Tamlane,' she says,
'Before ye came from home,
I'd have taken out your heart of flesh
And put in a heart of stone.

'Had I but had the wit yestreen
That I have bought to-day,
I'd have paid my tithe seven times to hell
Ere you had been won away.'

110

11. KEMPION.

'Now by my sooth,' said Kempion,
'This fiery beast I'll go and see :'
'And by my sooth,' said Segramour,
'My only brother, I'll go with thee.'

Then built have they a bonnie boat,
And they have set her out to sea ;
But a mile before they reached the shore
Around them she made the red fire flee.

The worm leapt out, the worm leapt down ;
She plaited nine times round stock and stane, 10
And aye as the boat came nigh the strand
She struck and banged it off again.

'O Segramour, keep the boat afloat,
And let her not the shore too near,
For this wicked beast will sure go mad
And set fire to all the land and mere.'

Now he has bent his strong cross-bow,
And aimed an arrow at her head ;
And swore if she did not quit the land
With that same shaft to shoot her dead.

20

'O, out of my lair I will not rise—
Nor yet for all thy bow and thee—
Till Kempion, the king's own son,
Come to the crag and thrice kiss me.'

He's bent him over the Estmere crags,
And he has given the beast a kiss.
In she swang and again she came,
And aye her speech was a wicked hiss :

'Out of my lair I will not rise,
Nor quit my den for the fear of thee,
Till Kempion, the king's own son,
Come to the crag and thrice kiss me.'

20

He's bent him over the dizzy crag,
And he has given her kisses twa.
In she swang and again she came,
The fieriest beast that ever you saw.

'Out of my lair I will not rise,
Nor quit my den for the fear of thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Come to the crag and thrice kiss me.'

40

He's bent him over the lofty crag,
And he has given her kisses three.
In she swang and again she came,
The loveliest lady that e'er could be.

'And by my sooth,' says Kempion,
'My own true love—for this is she—
They surely had a heart of stone,
Could put thee to such misery!

'O was it wer-wolf in the wood,
Or was it mermaid in the sea; 50
Or was it man or a vile woman,
My own true love, that mis-shaped thee?'

'It was not wer-wolf in the wood,
Nor was it mermaid in the sea;
It was my wicked step-mother,
And woe and weary may she be!'

'O a heavier weird shall her light upon
Than ever fell on a vile woman!
Her hair shall grow rough, and her teeth grow lang,
And on her four feet she shall gang. 60

'None shall take pity her upon;
In Wormeswood she aye shall won,
And ransom'd shall she never be
Until Saint Mungo come over the sea.'

12. THE GAY GOSHAWK.

'O WELL is me, my gay goshawk,
That you can speak and flee;
For you can carry a love-letter
To my true Love from me.'

—'O how can I carry a letter to her?
Or how should I her know?
I bear a tongue ne'er with her spake,
And eyes that ne'er her saw.'

—‘O well shall ye my true Love ken,
So soon as ye her see :
For of all the flowers of fair England
The fairest flower is she. 10

‘And when she goes into the house,
Sit ye upon the whin ;
And sit you there and sing our loves
As she goes out and in.’

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion gray :
And he’s awa’ to Southern land
As fast as wings can gae. 20

And first he sang a low, low, note,
And then he sang a clear ;
And aye the burden of the song
Was ‘Your Love can no win here.’

‘Feast on, feast on, my maidens all
—The wine flows you among—
While I go to my west window
And hear yon bonnie bird’s song.’

O, first he sang a merry song,
And then he sang a grave :
And then he peck’d his feathers gray ;
To her the letter gave. 30

‘Have there a letter from Lord William :
He says, he sent ye three ;
He can not wait your love longer,
But for your sake he’ll dee.’

—‘I send him the rings from my white fingers,
The garlands of my hair ;
I send him the heart that’s in my breast ;
What would my Love have mair ? 40

'Go bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I shall meet him at Mary's Kirk
Long, long ere it grow stale.'

She hied her to her father dear
As fast as go could she:
'A boon, a boon, my father dear,
A boon I beg of thee.'

'Ask not that haughty Scottish lord,
For him ye'll never see.'
'Then, if I die in Southern land,
In Scotland bury me.

50

'At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
Ye'll let the bells be rung;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
Ye'll let the mass be sung;

'And when ye come to Saint Mary's Kirk,
Ye'll tarry there till night.'
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

60

The lady's gone to her chamber
As fast as she could fare;
And she has drunk a sleepy draught
That she had mixed with care.

And pale, pale, grew her rosy cheek,
And pale and cold was she:—
She seem'd to be as surely dead
As any corpse could be.

Then spake her cruel stepminnie,
'Take ye the burning lead,
And drop a drop on her bosom,
To try if she be dead.'

70

They dropp'd the hot lead on her cheek,
They dropp'd it on her chin,
They dropp'd it on her bosom white;
But she spake none agin.

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd for her a bier;
They hew'd it from the solid oak;
Laid it o'er with silver clear.

20

The first Scots kirk that they came to
They let the bells be rung;
The next Scots kirk that they came to
They let the mass be sung.

But when they came to Saint Mary's kirk,
There stood spearmen in a row;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftain among them a'.

He rent the sheet upon her face
A little above her chin:
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She look'd and laugh'd to him.

20

—'A morsel of your bread, my lord!
And one glass of your wine!
For I have fasted these three long days
All for your sake and mine!'

13. YOUNG BEICHAN.

IN London was Lord Beichan born;
He longed strange countries for to see;
But he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruelly.

For he viewed the fashions of that land ;
Their way of worship viewéd he ;
But to Mahound, or Termagant,
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

They've cast him in a dungeon deep,
Where he could neither hear nor see ; 10
And fed him on nought but bread and water
Till he for hunger's like to dee.

This Moor he had but one daughter,
Her name was calléd Susie Pye ;
And every day as she took the air,
Near Beichan's prison she passed by.

Now so it fell upon a day,
About the middle time of Spring,
As she was passing by that way,
She heard young Beichan sadly sing : 20

' My hounds they all go masterless,
My hawks they fly from tree to tree,
My younger brother will heir my land ;
Fair England again I'll never see !'

All the night long no rest she got,
Young Beichan's song for thinking on ;
She's stolen the keys from her father's head,
And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has open'd the prison-doors :
I wot she open'd two or three 30
Ere she could come young Beichan at,
He was locked up so curiously.

But when she came young Beichan till,
Sore wondered he that May to see ;
He took her for some fair captive :
' Fair lady, I pray, of what country ?'

'O have you any lands,' she said,
'Or castles in your own country?
Or what could ye give to a lady fair,
From prison strong would set ye free?' 40

'Near London town I have a hall,
And other castles two or three;
I'll give them all to the lady fair
That out of prison will set me free.'

'Give me the truth of your right hand,
The truth of that now give to me,
For seven years ye'll no lady wed,
Unless that ye be wed with me.'

'I give thee the truth of my right hand,
The truth of that I give to thee, 50
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,
For the kindness thou dost show to me.'

She's given him to eat the good spice-cake,
She's given him to drink the blood-red wine;
She's bidden him sometimes think on her
That's kindly freed him out of pine.

And she has broken her finger-ring;
To Beichan half of it gave she:
'Keep it to mind you in foreign land
Of the lady's love that set you free. 60

'And set your foot on good ship-board,
And haste ye back to your own country;
And before that seven years have an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me.'

But long ere seven years had an end
She longed full sore her love to see;
So she's set her foot on good ship-board,
And turned her back on her own country.

She sailed east, she sailed west,
Till to fair England's shore she came, 70
Where a bonnie shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

'What news, what news, thou bonnie shepherd?
What news hast thou to tell to me?'
'Such news I hear, lady,' he says,
'The like was never in this country.

'There is a wedding in yonder hall,
And ever the bells ring merrily;
It is Lord Beichan's wedding-day
With a fair lady of high degree.' 80

She's put her hand into her pocket,
Given him the gold and white money;
'Hey, take ye that, my bonnie boy,
All for the news thou tellest to me.'

When she came to young Beichan's gate,
She tirl'd softly at the pin;
So ready was the proud porter
To open and let this lady in.

'Is this young Beichan's house?' she said,
'Or is that noble lord within?' 90
'Yea, he sits in hall among them all,
And this is the day of his wedding.'

'O has he wed another love?
O has he clean forgotten me?'
And sighing said that fair lady,
'I wish I were in my own country!

And she has taken her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free;
Says, 'Give him that, ye proud porter,
And bid the bridegroom speak with me.' 100

The porter came his lord before,
And kneeléd low down on his knee :
'What aileth thee, my proud porter,
And wherefore is thy courtesie?'

'I have been a porter at your gates,
It's now for thirty years and three ;
But there stands a lady now thereat,
And so fair a lady I never did see.'

Then out and spake the bride's mother ;
An angry woman, I wot, was she : 110
'Ye might have excepted our bonnie bride,
And two or three of our company.'

'My dame, your daughter's fair enough,
And aye the fairer may she be,
But the fairest time that ever she was,
She'll no compare with this lady.

'On every finger she has a ring,
On her mid-finger she has three ;
And as much red gold above her brow
As would buy an earldom unto me. 120

'And this golden ring that's broken in twain,
This half of a golden ring sends she :
"Ye'll carry that to Lord Beichan," she says,
"And bid to him come and speak with me."

Then up and started Lord Beichan ;
I wot he made the table flee :
'I would give all my yearly rent
Were it Susie Pye come over the sea !'

And quickly hied he down the stair,
Of fifteen steps he made but three ; 130
He's ta'en his bonnie love in his arms,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her tenderly.

'O have ye taken another bride?
And have ye clean forgotten me?
And have ye clean forgotten her
That gave you life and liberty?'

She looked over her left shouldér,
To hide the tears stood in her e'e:
'Now, fare thee well, young Beichan,' she says;
'I'll try to think no more on thee.' 140

'O never, never, Susie Pye!
For surely this can never be;
Nor shall I ever wed but her
That's done and dared so much for me.'

Then out and spake the bride's mother;
She never was heard to speak so free:
'Ye cannot forsake my one daughter,
Though Susie Pye has crossed the sea!'

'Take home, take home your daughter, madam,
For she is never the wife for me; 150
I'll send her back in a coach and four,
And a double sum shall her dowry be.'

He has taken her by the milkwhite hand,
And gently led her up and down,
And aye as he kissed her red rosy lips,
'Ye are welcome, jewel, to your own.'

He has taken her by the milkwhite hand,
And led her to yon fountain-stane;
He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
And call'd her his bonnie wife, Lady Jane. 160

14. SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And aye he tirléd at the pin,
But answer made she none.

'Is that my father Philip,
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home?'

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home. 10

'O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.'

'Thy faith and troth thou'lt never get,
Nor me shalt ever win,
Till that thou come within my bower
And kiss my cheek and chin.' 20

'If I should come within thy bower
I am no earthly man:
And should I kiss thy rosy lip
Thy days will not be lang.

'O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.'

'Thy faith and troth thou'lt never get,
Nor me shalt ever win, 30
Till that thou take me to yon kirk,
And wed me with a ring.'

'My bones are buried in a kirk-yard
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my sprite, Margret,
That's now speaking to thee.'

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
As for to do her best :
'Have there your faith and troth, Willie,
God send your soul good rest.' 40

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee ;
And all the live-long winter night
The dead corpse followed she.

'Is there any room at your head, Willie,
Or any room at your feet ?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep ?'

'There's no room at my head, Margret,
There's no room at my feet ; 50
There's no room at my side, Margret ;
My coffin's made so meet.'

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the grey.
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
That I were gone away.'

15. MAY COLVIN.

FALSE Sir John a-wooing came
Unto a maiden fair ;
May Colvin was the lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

She's gone to her father's coffers,
Where all his money lay ;
She's taken the red, and she's left the white,
And lightly tripped away.

She's gone down to her father's stable,
Where all his steeds did stand ; 10
She's taken the best, and she's left the worst,
And they rode from her father's land.

He rode on, and she rode on,
They rode a long summer's day,
Till they came through the woods to a high, high rock,
Above the deep, deep sea.

'Leap off the steed !' says false Sir John ;
'Your bridal bed you see :
Seven women I've drownéd here,
And eight I'll make out with thee. 20

'Cast off, cast off your silks so fine,
And lay them on a stone ;
For they are too good and too costly
To rot in the salt sea-foam.

'Cast off, cast off your holland smock,
And lay it from your hand ;
It is too fine and too costly
To toss in the wet sea-sand.'

'O turn thee about, thou false Sir John,
And look to the leaf o' the tree,
For it never became a courteous knight
Fair lady thus to see.'

30

He turned himself right round about,
To look to the leaf o' the tree;
She's twined her arms about his waist,
And thrown him into the sea.

'O lie thou there, thou false Sir John,
O lie thou there,' said she,
'For you lie not in a colder bed
Than you intended for me.'

40

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And led the dapple grey,
And she won home to her father's gates
Ere the breaking of the day.

Up then spake the pretty parrot,
In the bonnie cage where it lay:
'O what have ye done with your Sir John,
That ye went with yesterday?'

'Now hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
And talk no more of me!
Your cage shall be made o' the beaten gold,
And the bars of ivory.'

50

Up then and spake her father dear,
In the chamber where he lay:
'What ails, what ails the pretty parrot,
To prattle ere break of day?'

'A cat that came to my cage-door,
I thought 'twould have worried me,
And I was calling on fair May Colvin
To take the cat from me.'

60

16. ETIN.

YOUNG Lady Margaret sat in her bower
Sewing her silken seam ;
She took a thought of Elmond wood,
And wished she there had been.

She let the seam fall from her side,
The needle to her toe,
And she is off to Elmond wood
As fast as she can go.

She had not pulled a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but one,
When by there came the bold Etin,
Says, 'Lady, let alone !

10

'O why pull ye the nut?' he says ;
'O why break ye the tree ?
For I am forester of the wood ;
Ye should ask leave of me.'

'I'll ask no leave of living man,
Nor yet will I of thee,
My father's lord of all this land ;
This wood belongs to me.'

20

'O rest thee, Lady Margaret !
O stay in the wood with me !
It's here I'll build a secret bower,
And dearly I'll love thee.'

He kept her in the deep forest
For six long years and more ;
Six pretty sons she brought to him,
And a seventh then she bore.

And once it fell upon a day,
When the hunting was begun, 30
The forester he went through the wood,
And took his eldest son.

'I would ask ye something, father,
An ye'll not angry be.'
'Say on, say on, my bonnie boy!
Ye will not anger me.'

'My mother's cheeks are oft-times wet;
I never see them dry;
I wonder what's it aileth her
To mourn so constantly.' 40

'Your mother was an earl's daughter,
Sprung from a high degree;
She might have wed with the first in the land,
Had she not been stolen by me.

'I love her true, I love her well;
She loves me well and true;
But still she thinks on former times,
Which often makes her rue.'

'I'll shoot the deer among the fern,
The bird upon the tree, 50
And bring them to my mother home,
See if she'll merrier be.'

It fell upon another day
The forester thought it long,
And he is to the hunting gone
The forest leaves among.

With bow and arrow by his side
He took his path alone,
And left his seven young children
To stay with their mother at home. 60

'O I would ask ye something, mother,
An ye'll not angry be.'

'Ask on, ask on, my eldest son!
Ask anything of me!'

'Your cheeks are oft-times wet, mother;
I never see them dry.'

'No wonder, no wonder, my little son,
No wonder though I should die.

'For I was once an earl's daughter,
Of noble birth and fame,

And now I'm the mother of seven sons
Who ne'er gat Christendom.'

70

He's taken his mother by the hand,
His six brothers also,
And they are off through Elmond wood
As fast as they can go.

They knew not well where they were going,
And weary were their feet;

They knew not well where they were going
Till they stopped at her father's gate.

80

'I have no money in my pocket,
But jewel-rings I have three:
I'll give them to you, my little son,
And ye'll enter there for me.

'Ye'll give the first to the proud porter,
And he will loose the pin;
Ye'll give the next to the butler-boy
And he will show you in.

'Ye'll give the third to the minstrel
That's harping in the hall

90

To play good luck to the bonnie boy
That comes from the greenwood tall.'

He gave the first ring to the proud porter,
And he quickly loosed the pin ;
He gave the next to the butler-boy,
And he has shown him in ;

He gave the third to the minstrel
That was harping in the hall,
And he played good luck to the bonnie boy
That came from the greenwood tall. 100

But when he came before the Earl,
He fell down low on his knee ;
The Earl he turned round about,
And the salt tear blinded his e'e.

'Rise up, rise up, my bonnie boy,
And go from my company !
Ye look so like my dear daughter,
My heart will burst in three.'

'If I look like your dear daughter,
A wonder is it none ; 110
If I look like your dear daughter,
I am her eldest son.'

'O tell me soon, ye little wee boy,
Where is my daughter dear ?'
'She's just now standing at your gates,
And my six brothers with her.'

'Now where are all my porter-boys
That I pay meat and fee,
To open my gates both broad and wide
And let her come in to me ?' 120

When she came in before the Earl,
She fell down low on her knee.
'Rise up, rise up, my daughter dear !
This day ye'll dine with me.'

'A bit I cannot eat, father,
A drop I cannot drink,
Till I see Etin, my dear husband ;
So long on him I think.'

'Now where are all my rangers bold
That I pay meat and fee, 130
To search the forest far and wide,
And bring Etin to me?'

They searched the country broad and wide,
The forest far and near,
And they found him in the Elmond wood
Tearing his yellow hair.

'Rise up, rise up now, bold Etin,
Rise up and go with me ;
For we are come from the castle,
And the Earl would fain you see.' 140

'O let him take my head,' he says,
'Or hang me on a tree ;
For since I've lost my dear lady,
Life has no joy for me.'

'Your head will not be touched, Etin,
Nor shall you hang on tree.
Your lady's in her father's house,
And all he wants is thee.'

When he came in before the Earl,
He fell down low on his knee. 150
'Rise up, rise up now, bold Etin !
This day ye'll dine with me.'

As they were set at their dinner,
The boy he asked a boon :
'I wish we were in holy kirk
To get our Christendom.'

'Thy asking's not so great, my boy,
But granted it shall be :
This day to holy kirk thou'lt go,
And thy mother shall go with thee.' 100

But when to the holy kirk she came,
She stood the porch within ;
She was so sunken down with shame,
She could not farther in.

Then out and spake the holy priest,
A kindly word spake he :
'Come in, come in, my lily-flower,
And bring your babes to me.'

17. BROWN ROBYN'S CONFESSION.

It fell upon a Wódensday,
Brown Róbyn's men went to sea ;
But they saw neither moon nor sun
Nor starlight with their e'e.

'Let us cast lots among us all,
To see who the man may be.'
The lot it fell on Brown Robýn ;
The master-man was he.

'It's no wonder,' said Brown Robýn,
That I do never thrive, 10
For I murder'd my own old father,' says he ;
'I would he were alive.

'But tie me to a plank of wood,
And throw me in the sea,
And if I sink, ye may bid me sink ;
If I swim, just let me be.'

They've tied him to a plank of wood,
And thrown him in the sea ;
He did not sink, though they bid him sink ;
He swam, and they just let him be.

20

He had not been upon the sea,
An hour but barely one,
When by there came our Blessed Lady ;
With her was her dear young son.

'Will ye go to your men again,
Or will ye go with me ?
Will ye go to the high high heavens
With my dear son and me ?'

'I will not go to my men again,
For they would be feared at me ;
But I would go to the high high heavens
With thy dear son and thee.'

20

'It's for no honour ye did, Brown Robyn,
It's for no good ye did to me,
But it's all for your fair confession
You've made upon the sea.'

18. HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I WISH I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
Oh that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair !
I laid her down wi' meikle care 11
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me. 20

Oh Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

Oh that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, 'Haste and come to me !'

Oh Helen fair ! Oh Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest, 30
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me. 40

19. THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son :
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so ;
No, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice him for to bind.

10

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see :
'Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me.'

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear ;
She secretly stole away.

20

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go
Her true love to inquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,
 Catching hold of his bridle-rein ; 30
 'One penny, one penny, kind sir,' she said,
 'Will ease me of much pain.'

 'Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
 Pray tell me where you were born.'
 'At Islington, kind sir,' said she,
 'Where I have had many a scorn.'

 'I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to me,
 O tell me, whether you know
 The bailiff's daughter of Islington.'
 'She is dead, sir, long ago.' 40

 'If she be dead, then take my horse,
 My saddle and bridle also ;
 For I will unto some far country,
 Where no man shall me know.'

 'O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth !
 She standeth by thy side ;
 She is here alive, she is not dead,
 And ready to be thy bride.'

 'O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
 Ten thousand times therefore ; 50
 For now I have found mine own true love,
 Whom I thought I should never see more.'

20. ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TOLL for the brave,
 The brave that are no more,
 All sunk beneath the wave
 Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

10

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

20

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes !

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

30

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

W. Couper.

21. THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lords pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had tolled.

10

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left the swarthy hue of hell.

20

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left from eye of tawny glare
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, 'Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase afford?'

'Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,'
Cried the fair youth with silver voice; 80
'And for devotion's choral swell
Exchange this rude unhallow'd noise.

'To-day the ill-omen'd chase forbear;
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the warning spirit hear;
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain.'

'Away, and sweep the glades along!'
The sable hunter hoarse replies;
'To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries.' 40

The Wildgrave spurrd his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
'Who for thy drowsy priestlike rede
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

'Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray!
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend;
Halloo, halloo! and hark away!'

The Wildgrave spurrd his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'erholt and hill; 50
And on the left and on the right
Each stranger horseman follow'd still.

Up springs from yonder tangled thorn
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
'Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!'

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way;
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;
But live who can, or die who may,
Still 'Forward, forward!' on they go. 60

See, where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn's blessing crown'd ;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman, with toil embrown'd.

'O mercy, mercy, noble lord !
Spare the poor's pittance,' was his cry,
'Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd
In scorching hour of fierce July.'

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey ; 70
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

'Away, thou hound ! so basely born !
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow !'
Then loudly rang his bugle horn,
'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho !'

So said, so done ; a single bound
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale ;
While follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale. 80

And man, and horse, and hound, and horn
Destructive sweep the field along ;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng

Again uproused, the timorous prey
Scours moss and moor and holt and hill
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd ;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd ; 90
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor and holt and hill
His track the steady bloodhounds trace ;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall :
'O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all—
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care !'

100

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey ;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

'Unmanner'd dog ! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits of thy sort
Were tenants of these carrion kine !'

Again he winds his bugle horn,
'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho !'
And through the herd in ruthless scorn
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

110

In heaps the throttled victims fall ;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near,
The murderous cries the stag appal—
Again he starts new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks amid the forest's gloom
The humble hermit's hallow'd bower.

120

But man, and horse, and horn, and hound
Fast rattling on his traces go ;
The sacred chapel rung around
With 'Hark away ! and holla, ho !'

All mild amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his prayer :
'Forbear with blood God's house to stain !
Revere His altar, and forbear !

'The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty or pride, 130
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head ;—
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside.'

Still the Fair horseman anxious pleads ;
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey ;
Alas ! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

'Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar and its rights I spurn ;
Not sainted martyrs' sainted song,
Not God himself shall make me turn !' 140

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho !'
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit go.

And horse, and man, and horn, and hound,
And clamour of the chase was gone,
For hoofs and howls and bugle sound
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around ;
He strove in vain to wake his horn ; 150
In vain to call ; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds ;
No distant baying reach'd his ears ;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark, as the darkness of the grave ;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

160

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke ;
And from a cloud of swarthy red
The awful voice of thunder spoke,

'Oppressor of creation fair !
Apostate spirits' harden'd tool !
Scorner of God, scourge of the poor !
The measure of thy cup is full.

'Be chas'd forever through the wood ;
Forever roam the affrighted wild ;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is His child.'

170

'Twas hush'd ; one flash of sombre glare
With yellow tinged the forest's brown ;
Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill ;
A rising wind began to sing ;
A louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

180

Earth heard the call ; her entrails rend ;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell ;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe ; 190
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And 'Hark away, and holla, ho !'

Sir W. Scott (after Bürger).

22. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.'

'Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?'
'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

'And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together, 10
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

'His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonnie bride
When they have slain her lover ?'

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready ;
It is not for your silver bright ;
But for your winsome lady : 20

'And by my word ! the bonnie bird
In danger shall not tarry :
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer, 30
Adown the glen rode armed men ;
Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste !' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'

The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her. 40

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore ;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back ! come back !' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water : 50
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! oh, my daughter !'

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore
Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

T. Campbell.

23. THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sail from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ; 10
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The Mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound. 20

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, ' My men, put out the boat, 30
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok.'

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, ' The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.' 40

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day ;
And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land. 50
Quoth Sir Ralph, ' It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon.'

' Can't hear,' said one, ' the breakers roar ?
For methinks we should be near the shore ;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
Though the wind has fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock :
Cried they, ' It is the Inchcape Rock !' 60

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair ;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

R. Southey.

24. ADELGITHA.

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad pale Adelgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, deliver'd from her danger,
But when he knelt to claim her glove,
'Seek not,' she cried, 'oh gallant stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha's love.

'For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arms should now have set me free ; 10
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead or false to me.'

'Nay ! say not that his faith is tainted !'
He raised his vizor—At the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted ;
It was indeed her own true knight !

T. Campbell.

25. BISHOP HATTO.

THE summer and the autumn had been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet ;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotten on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day 10
To quiet the poor without delay ;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near ;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And while for mercy on Christ they call, 20
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

'I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire !' quoth he,
'And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats, that only consume the corn.'

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man.
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter'd the hall, 30
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A death-like sweat all over him came ;
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd there came a man from the farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm ;
'My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.'

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be ;
'Fly ! my Lord Bishop, fly,' quoth he, 40
'Ten thousand rats are coming this way—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday !'

'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he ;
'Tis the safest place in Germany ;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep.'

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there. 50

He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise ;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd ; it was only the cat ;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that was drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep, 60
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score ;
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more ;
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witness'd of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear. 70

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him. 80

R. Southey.

26. THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sail'd the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth, 10
And he watch'd how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main :
'I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear the hurricane.

'Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see.'
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he. 20

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

'Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter
And do not tremble so ; 30
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow.'

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

'O father ! I hear the church bells ring ;
O say, what may it be ?'
'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ;'
And he steered for the open sea. 40

'O father! I hear the sound of guns;
O say, what may it be?'
'Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea.'

'O father! I see a gleaming light;
O say, what may it be?'
But the father answered never a word:
A frozen corpse was he—

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies— 50
The lantern gleam'd through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ who stilled the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
T'wards the reef of Norman's Woe. 60

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Look'd soft as carded wool, 70
But the cruel rocks they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank ;
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared.

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

80

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow ;
Heaven save us from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

H. W. Longfellow.

27. THE KNIGHT'S LEAP.

'So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine ;
And the water is spent and gone ?
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine :
I never shall drink but this one.

'And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse
And lead him me round to the door :
He must take such a leap to-night perforce,
As horse never took before.

'I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine ;
From Trier to Cöln there was never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine.

10

'I have lived by the saddle for years two score,
And if I must die on tree,
Then the old saddle-tree, which has borne me of yore,
Is the properest timber for me.

'So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
How the Altenahr hawk can die :
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly.' 20

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door ;
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall—
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
With never a bone in him whole— 20
A mass or a prayer now, good gentlemen,
For such a bold rider's soul !

C. Kingsley.

28. LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long-betroth'd were they :
They two will wed the morrow morn :
God's blessing on the day !

'He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ; 10
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,' said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, 'Who was this that went from thee?'
'It was my cousin,' said Lady Clare,
'To-morrow he weds with me.'

'O God be thank'd,' said Alice the nurse,
'That all comes round so just and fair !
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare.' 20

'Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,'
Said Lady Clare, 'that ye speak so wild ?'
'As God's above,' said Alice the nurse,
'I speak the truth : you are my child.

'The old Earl's daughter died at my breast ;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead.'

'Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,' she said, 'if this be true, 30
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due.'

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the nurse,
'But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife.'

'If I'm a beggar born,' she said,
'I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by !' 40

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the nurse,
'But keep the secret all ye can !'
She said, 'Not so : but I will know
If there be any faith in man.'

'Nay now, what faith ?' said Alice the nurse ;
'The man will cleave unto his right.'
'And he shall have it,' the lady replied,
'Tho' I should die to-night.'

'Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee.'
'O mother, mother, mother,' she said,
'So strange it seems to me !

50

'Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so ;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.'

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare :
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

60

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :
'O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ?'

'If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born,' she said,
'And not the Lady Clare.'

70

'Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald,
'For I am yours in word and in deed ;
Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald ;
'Your riddle is hard to read.'

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail :
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

80

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn :
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood :
'If you are not the heiress born,
And I,' said he, 'the next in blood—

'If you are not the heiress born,
And I,' said he, 'the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.'

Lord Tennyson.

NOTES.

1. CHEVY CHASE.

THIS ballad of *Chevy Chase*, or *The Hunting of the Cheviot*, is founded on traditions of the frays which, during several generations, used to take place in the Border country (the 'Marches') between the followers of the Percies of Northumberland and of the Douglas chieftains—descendants of that 'good Lord James, whose courage and cruelty made him a terror to the English in the age of Bannockburn (1314), and who was killed in Spain when attempting to take the heart of Robert Bruce to Jerusalem.

It professes to relate an encounter that took place in the reign of Henry the Fourth, whom it mentions. James of Scotland is also mentioned, as a contemporary of Henry IV.; but there was no King James of Scotland until the reign of our Henry VI. It is evident therefore that the ballad is partly, if not wholly, the work of some minstrel who lived not earlier than the reign of Henry VI. (say about 1450), and possibly did not live till somewhat later.

A Douglas and a Percy are stated by our ballad-poet to have been slain in this encounter. Whether in one of the many frays some such event may have occurred, it is impossible to say; but it is far more probable that the originals of the two heroes of *Chevy Chase* were James, the eleventh Lord Douglas, and the celebrated Harry Percy, well known as 'Hotspur'; and that popular tradition, so tenacious of the memory of great men, but so apt to lose the sequence of events, had already confused the facts—which are as follows.

In 1388, i.e. ten years before Henry Bolingbroke (Henry IV.) had dethroned Richard II., a battle was fought at Otterburn between the followers of the two great border families. It was here that this (11th) Lord James Douglas was killed. (In the ballad of the *Battle of Otterburn*, possibly still older than our ballad, he is slain by 'Sir Harry Percy,' i.e. Hotspur, who himself is said to have been taken prisoner by the Scots, but to have been exchanged for Sir Hugh Montgomery.)

In 1402, some three years after the accession of Henry IV., Hotspur (as is well known to readers of Shakespeare) won the

battle of Homildon Hill and took many distinguished prisoners, among whom was the (13th) Lord Archibald Douglas, nephew to the above-mentioned James Douglas. Henry's demand that Hotspur should hand over these prisoners to him caused a quarrel, which resulted in the rebellion of the Percies, aided by the liberated Douglas and by Glendower; and Hotspur was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury—by a chance arrow, it is said, and not by Prince Henry, as is related by Shakespeare.

To these historical facts it is impossible to accommodate the statements of our ballad-poet.

And the confusion is made worse, if anything, by some stanzas, apparently by a later writer, which are appended to the ballad in Bishop Percy's edition, but which I have omitted. In these stanzas we are told that 'old men that know the ground well enough call it (the Chevy Chase) the battle of Otterburn'; and that at Otterburn the Douglas was slain and 'the Percy never went away'; and, finally, that Henry IV. fought the battle of Homildon in order to avenge Percy's death at Otterburn.

Of the ancient ballad a 'modernised' version was fabricated about the time of James I. of England. This version contains some good passages, but with its monotonously regular rhythm and its elegantly turned paraphrases it forms on the whole a painful contrast to the original. This 'elegant modern paraphrase' was highly praised by Addison in the *Spectator* (Nos. 70 and 74). Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, whose opinion on the subject of poetry was perhaps even less trustworthy than Addisons, ridiculed the old ballads in the *Reliques* of his friend Dr. Percy, and said in reference to *Chevy Chase* that a story could not be told in a manner less rememberable—a verdict which to all intelligent readers nowadays seems very strange, and all the stranger seeing that about two centuries before Dr. Johnson uttered these words Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, had written: 'I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.' By the way, Dr. Percy, to whom we owe the preservation of this ancient ballad, and many more, claimed kinship with the Percies of Northumberland (though his father was a grocer at Bridgenorth, in Shropshire), and is by one of his biographers (Willmott) stated to have been the last male descendant of the noble house to which the Percy of *Chevy Chase* belonged. He published his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* in 1765. In 1782 he was made Bishop of Dromore, and lived until 1811.

UNCOMMON WORDS.

fit (or fyte): song, canto.

5. in the mahger: in spite of (Fr. *malgré*).

10. let: stop, hinder.

12. *menyé*: company. Cf. Germ. *Menge*. Note the *y* in *day*, *slay*, etc., where it is *g* in the Germ. *Tag*, *schlug*, etc.

16. *hie*: high.

21. *bicker*: hasten, scurry.

bent: coarse wiry grass; open grassland.

23. *wild*: game (as Germ. *Wild*).

24. *sheer*: straight.

25. *grovés*: groves.

glent: glinted, glanced, gleamed as they moved.

28. *Monanday*: the old form of *Monday*: the day of *Mona*, the Moon.

31. *mort* (a French word) death: the bugle signal blown at the death of a stag.

32. *sembled*: assembled.

on *sides sheer*: straight from every side.

33. *quarry*: dead game.

34. *brittle*: cut up game; carve.

37. *wist*: knew; past tense of 'wis' (or 'wot').

verament: truly (Ital. *veramente*, Fr. *vraiment*).

46. *Christiantie*: Christendom.

49. *borne along*: marching along.

50. *Tivydale* = *Teviotdale*. Cf. *Chevy* = *Cheviot*.

56. *at ... befor*: in front of.

57. *glede* (or *gleed*): live coal.

70. *cast*: intend.

79. *upon a part*: apart, on one side.

80. *do the battle of ...*: 'let them arrange a duel between'... or 'do thou fight a duel'...

84. *that day*: i.e. when I shall say nay.

87. *an* (also written *and*): if. 'If fortune give me a fair chance.' Note that in the northern pronunciation *born* rhymes fairly well with *for one*.

100. *yemough ... slough* = enough ... slew: probably to be pronounced not as 'enuff,' 'sluff,' but somewhat as Germ. *genug* and *schlug*. See above on *menyé*.

105. *tree*: wood.

110. *bas'net*: basinet, helmet.

113. *swap*: smite (= to *swoop*? or to *exchange* blows?)

swet: sweated. In *Otterburn* we have 'They swapped together while that they swet.'

114. *Milan*: i.e. Milan steel.

115. *freke*: warrior: possibly the same word as Germ. *frech* (bold, audacious) or the old Germ. *Recke* (warrior).

117. *sprent*: sprang, spurted. Cf. *besprent*.

124. *hight*: promise.

142. *dee*: die.

151. *dight* (perhaps connected with Lat. *dicto*, Germ. *dichten*, Eng. *dictate*, etc.): prescribe, order, array. Here 'ordered, destined.'

152. *sprended*: grasped (?).

153. *corsaire*: Fr. *coursier*, or Ital. *corsiere*: courser.

155. *stinted*: halted.

blan (from an old verb *blin*): stopped.

158. *dint*: stroke, blow.

160. *bere*: probably past tense of *bear*, i.e. 'ran or thrust him through.' Or 'bored'? (The later version has 'did gore'.)

167. *bend-bow*: perhaps as distinct from a cross-bow; or merely a bow ready bent (strung). Cf. *R. Hood's Death*, 65.

170. *hale*: haul.

173. *sair*: sore.

184. *aboon*: above.

192. *makés*: relations (husbands, sons, etc.). Our *mate* and *match* are forms of this old word, which is also connected with Gaelic *mac*, a son (common in Scotch names), and with *maich*, a son in law, and with the old German *Mage*, a relation.

197. *weal*, might mean to wound with stripes; but this meaning seems scarcely admissible here. Perhaps 'clasp.'

209. *an I brook ...*: 'if I enjoy'

211. *bales*: evils; sins and sufferings.

2. SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THIS is one of the finest of our English ballads. The date of its composition is unknown. Most good judges of such matters believe, and all hope, that it is, as the poet Coleridge called it, a 'grand old ballad' dating from about 1300 A.D. But it is not easy to trace ballads back to their first origins, and, for lack of evidence to the contrary, some have suspected that it *may* be a late imitation, composed by a certain Lady Wardlaw (d. 1727), whose fine ballad *Hardyknute*, dealing with the same period of history, was for some time regarded as a genuine relic of ancient English poetry. We need not allow any such suspicions to trouble us. Whether or not it is old, it is exceedingly fine;

and if Lady Wardlaw *did* write it, then she may be justly compared with Michelangelo, whose wonderful statue of a Faun, which he passed off as an antique, deceived the learned men of his day.

Sir Walter Scott, who in his *Border Minstrelsy* gave a much fuller version than the fragment first published by Dr. Percy, thought that 'the song has claims to high antiquity,' and believed (I fear, without sufficient grounds) that 'the unfortunate voyage of Sir Patrick Spens may really have taken place for the purpose of bringing back the Maid of Norway to her own kingdom; a purpose which was probably defeated by the jealousy of the Norwegians and the reluctance of King Eric.' According to the ordinary account, the poor little Maid of Norway died (1290) at Orkney on the voyage to Scotland.

The version that I have given is taken partly from Percy and partly from Scott.

1. *Dunfermline*: in Fifeshire. Here there was a palace of the Scottish kings.

20. *ee* (plur. *een*): eye.

29. *hoist* (Scott gives *hoysed*) the past tense (used by Shakespeare) from the old form *hoise*. Cf. Germ. *hissen*.

Monday. See notes to *Chevy Chase*.

32. *Wodensday*, or *Wednesday* (Woden's or Odin's day) is the old form of 'Wednesday.' It is specially appropriate here.

40. *lie*, pronounced 'lee.'

42. *gain*, or *gane*, was used to mean 'suit,' 'suffice.' The sense here is 'as would suffice ...' Cf. Germ. *genug*, Engl. *yenough* (enough), and A. Sax. *geneah*, 'it suffices.'

43. *fou*, or *fow*: bushel.

50. *auld moon* ...: i.e. the unilluminated part of the moon, the outline of which is sometimes just visible. 'It is considered as an almost infallible presage of bad weather if the moon *lies sair on her back* ... or when the new moon appears *with the auld moon in her arms*' (Jamieson's *Scottish Dict.*).

55. *lift*: air, sky. Cf. Germ. *Luft*. It occurs in the Scotch saying: 'If the lift fall we'll all gather laverocks (larks).'

56. *gurlly*: rough, stormy.

57. *lap* (past tense of *loup*=leap): leapt, i.e. sprang. We (in England) speak of a hare 'louping along.' Cf. Dutch *loopen*, Germ. *laufen*. See note to *May Colvin*.

75. *wap*: generally means *throw*; here possibly = *wrap*.

84. *swam aboon*: swam on the top of the water. The mention of hats, cork-heeled shoes, and feather-beds makes some doubt

the antiquity of this passage—whether with good reason or not it is not easy to say.

97. *half over* ... : i.e. from Norway to Scotland. Aberdour is a small port on the north coast of the Firth of Forth, about 5 miles from Dunfermline.

3. KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

THIS is (except in regard to spelling) Dr. Percy's version of a ballad which seems to have been abridged and modernised, about the time of James I., from a much older ballad called *King John and the Bishop of Canterbury*. This older ballad was too imperfect to reproduce, but 'afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.' The same story is told by an Anglo-Saxon writer, and it is to be found in a Spanish novel published in 1576.

14. *than me*: should of course be *than I*. Cf. *Elin*, 148, and *Cumnor Hall*, 45.

19. *no dere*: no harm.

25. *in this stead*: in this state (i.e. with my crown, etc.).

84. *worser*. Such double comparatives are not uncommon in older writers, e.g. Shakespeare.

85. *St. Bittel*: probably St. Botolph.

105. *four nobles*: a noble was a gold coin worth 6s. 8d., first stamped by Edward III. This is therefore an 'anachronism.'

4. FAIR ROSAMUND.

THIS ballad was first published, by Delone, in 1612. The date of its composition is unknown.

Fair Rosamund was the daughter of Lord Clifford. Ellinor, or Eleanor, Duchess of Guienne, was first married to Louis VII. of France, who cast her off after sixteen years of wedlock, during which she had accompanied him on a Crusade. Old chroniclers do not attribute Rosamund's death to poison, though they allow that the Queen, after discovering her, treated her with cruelty, and 'so dealt with her that she lived not long after' (1177 A.D.). It is related that on her tombstone (which perished when the Godstow nunnery was dissolved by Henry VIII.) there was engraved a cup. It is, of course, just possible that this engraved cup may have intimated the fact that she was poisoned; but it is considered more likely that it was some ornamental device (possibly a sacramental chalice), and that the story of the 'cup of deadly poison strong' thus originated, some four centuries after her death.

5. THE DEATH OF DARNLEY.

If we may accept the assertion made in the last stanzas, this ballad was written some time between the flight of Mary Queen of Scots from Scotland in 1568 and her execution in 1587. The murder of her husband, Lord Darnley (the 'king' of this ballad), took place at Kirk o' Field, not far from Edinburgh, Feb. 9th, 1567. Rizzio was killed (1566) when he was at supper with Mary in Holyrood Palace. The supper room, and the ante-room where he was stabbed to death by Darnley and his confederates, and even a dark stain on the floor which is asserted to have been caused by his blood, are still to be seen. Mary's subsequent marriage with Lord Bothwell, the murderer of her husband, alienated the Scotch. They forced her to abdicate, imprisoned her in Lochleven Castle, and crowned her little son as James the Sixth—afterwards James I. of England.

1. *woe worth thee* ... : *woe befall thee*. The old word *worth* (Germ. *werden*) means *become, happen*. The expression occurs in several old ballads.

5. *The queen of France*. Mary's first husband was the French Dauphin, who reigned, as Francis II., for only about a year. He died in 1560. She then returned to Scotland, and soon after married her cousin Henry Stewart (*Stuart* is the French form of the name), better known as Lord Darnley. He may have been at the time at Elisabeth's court, where, as a prince of the blood, he used to carry a sword before the queen on state occasions. Whether Mary's signet—like that of the Douglas family—bore a heart, I cannot discover. Mr. James Bruce of Edinburgh kindly informs me that there are no grounds for supposing that Mary proposed marriage to Darnley: indeed, she herself seems to have told Sir James Melville that she at first took Darnley's proposal 'in ane evell part, and refused the ringe quhilk he offerit unto her.'

6. As to sealing with 'heart and ring,' writes Mr. Bruce, this seems to have nothing to do with the arms on Mary's signet. We have her signet in the British Museum. She used the Lion Rampant of Scotland. It appears both on her signet ring and on her marriage ring, found at Fotheringhay. 'I have,' adds Mr. Bruce, 'an impression of the Great Seal of Scotland used by her during her widowhood and, I think, during her marriage with Darnley. On this are the Scottish Lion and the Lilies of France.... Darnley himself, through his mother, might have used the crowned heart of the Douglas family.' (Miss A. R. Cotterill, however, tells me that in a book of Scotch antiquities, lent to her by Mr. James Bruce, she has just discovered among 'Stuart relics' the description of 'a gold ring set with a diamond

out in facets, with three smaller diamonds over it, representing a *crowned heart*. Stated to have been found at Fotheringhay.') .

33. *boun*=bound (of a ship, etc.); ready, prepared. Scott uses the word in his poems (e.g. *Rokeby*, vi. xxiv).

41. *Who have we ...*: a grammatical liberty not uncommon in Shakespeare.

43. *my uncle*. He was the brother of Darnley's grandmother, Margaret Tudor.

56. *hanged him*. It is often stated that he was killed by the explosion, but researches have shown that he was probably strangled (or killed with a mallet) while attempting to escape. His body, unscathed by fire, and clothed only in a shirt, was found in an orchard. So our ballad may give the true account.

57. *the governor*: the Regent Murray.

6. ROBIN HOOD AND THE WIDOW'S SONS.

THERE are about fifty old ballads about Robin Hood, and there can be no doubt that, though they may contain a good deal of fiction, they have some foundation in fact. Some believe that he lived as early as the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I. Others put him later. In the well-known ballad which describes the visit of the king, disguised as a monk, he (the king) is called Edward. The 'King's Visit' is the seventh of a series of eight ballads (or *Fittes*) called 'a Lytell Geste (little exploit) of Robyn Hode.' This series contains perhaps the oldest entire ballads on the subject, dating from early in the 16th century. Of still older ballads only small fragments remain. The 'Lytell Geste' is rather full of old words, so I have chosen three other ballads which are simpler,—perhaps not quite so old, but very graphic and interesting.

slack, in the last stanza, means a low-lying pass, or level ground between hills.

7. KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

THIS story is very old and is alluded to by several of our dramatic writers. In *Romeo and Juliet* (ii. i.) Mercutio says,

Her (Venus') purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid—he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.

Also see *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. i., where the beggar-maid's name is generally printed as Zenelophon, not Penelophon; and 2 *Hen. IV.*, v. iii, and *Rich. II.*, v. iii.

In these passages there is evident allusion to our ballad, which Percy found in an old collection of verses printed in 1612, four years before Shakespeare's death. Tennyson's beautiful lines on the same subject should be read with this ballad.

44. *The Gods shall sure suffice*: i.e. shall give satisfaction to the Gods (or Fates), who desire my death.

90. *walked the way*: tramped the roads as beggar.

100. *As writers sheweth*. The old termination of the 3rd pers. plural of the present tense is—*eth*. See 8. 68.

8. THE JEW OF VENICE.

BELIEVED by some to be the source from which Shakespeare derived the chief motive of his *Merchant of Venice*. The story first occurs in an old Italian writer of the 14th century. Notice that there is no Portia in the ballad, so that it seems older than Shakespeare's play. Notice too that also in Shakespeare's play the Jew is depicted as 'whetting' his knife.

48. *nor yet the man confound*: i.e. nor destroy (kill) the man.

50. *longs*: belongs.

68. *eke*: also. 'A train-band captain eke was he.'

9. THE FAIRY PRINCE.

SOMETIMES called *Earl Mar's Daughter*. Our version is that given in the *Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry* by Mr. Palgrave, together with three additional stanzas from Mr. Allingham's *Ballad Book*.

1. *intill*: in.

8. *hie*: high.

34. *frae*: from.

79. *wight*: active, stalwart.

10. YOUNG TAMLANE.

IN the first part of this ballad, here omitted (as it is very like the beginning of *Etin*), Janet meets and marries young Tamlane of Carterhaugh—a 'forester' or outlaw, apparently, like Etin. She notices that there is something 'uncanny' about him, and adjures him to tell her if he has ever been 'in holy chapel' and has been 'sained' (purified, i.e. baptised). He answers that he is the son of a knight, and has been 'sained' as a Christian, but that he has (somewhat as True Thomas) fallen into the power of the Fairy Queen, to whose service he is still bound. At this point our part of the ballad begins. Carterhaugh is a plain

about a mile from Selkirk. The peasants, says Scott, still point out on it 'fairy rings,' and the bare spots on which Janet placed her 'stands' of milk and water. 'Miles Cross,' according to Scott, is perhaps a corruption of 'Mary's Cross.' It stood about half a mile from Carterhaugh.

- 14. *mysell*: myself.
- 19. *moss*: marsh.
- 22. *cast a compass*: draw a circle.
- 27. *court*: company.
- 43. *stand*: barrel, tub.
- 66. *bent*: see on *Chevy Chase*.
- 83. *eldritch*: weird, ghostly.
- 96. *groom*: bridegroom.
- 104. *tree*: wood.

The transformation scene seems almost like a reminiscence of Homer's, or Virgil's, celebrated description of the capture of Proteus, the Old Man of the sea.

11. KEMPION.

In the first few stanzas of this fine ballad (which I most unwillingly omit on account of the difficulty of the language) a wicked stepmother by her charms turns a girl into a huge dragon, such as we read of in many an old legend—or, rather, a sea-serpent; for she is doomed 'the salt seas o'er to swim,' and to climb up the 'Estmere crags' in order to reach her den. ('Estmere' is perhaps the 'East Sea'—what we now call the North Sea.) She can only be 'borrowed' (ransomed) if the king's son, Kempion, kisses her thrice. The story is ancient. It is told by the old Italian poet Boiardo, and in his *Earthly Paradise* the poet William Morris gives a wonderful description of a similar occurrence in the Greek Archipelago. Another Scotch ballad, called *The Laidley Worm of Spindlestonheugh*, gives a less ancient version than *Kempion*. The word *Kempion* probably means *Champion*. In old ballads *kempe* means 'warrior.' Cf. Germ. *Kämpfer*: perhaps from Lat. *campus*, field of battle.

- 8. *she* = the serpent.
- 16. *mere*: sea.
- 49. *wer-wolf* = 'man-wolf.' (See a dictionary.)

62. *Wormeswood*, and *Wormestone*, in Scotland, like the celebrated city of Worms on the Rhine, derived their names from a dragon ('Worm,' Germ. *Lind-wurm*) slain in their neighbourhood. According to our ballad the *Wormeswood* dragon

was the stepmother of Kempion's bride—if his curse took effect. There is often, as here, a confusion between a dragon and some other monster, such as a huge wild boar, or wolf. See Scott's introduction to *Kempion* in the *Border Minstrelsy*. St. Mungo ('dear friend') or St. Kentigern ('master') was the apostle of Strathclyde, and the restorer of Christianity among the Cumbrians. When made Bishop he named his cathedral seat 'Glasgu' (Glasgow), i.e. 'the dear family.' He also founded the monastery of St. Asaph in Wales. He died about 603 A.D.

12. THE GAY GOSHAWK.

THIS is the version given by Mr. Palgrave in the *Golden Treasury*, with two or three very slight alterations, and some lines taken from Scott's version.

14. *whin* : furze.

24. *win* : reach a place, come.

60. *plight* = plighted, gave.

62. *fare* : go.

69. *minnie* : mother.

The 'recognition scene' in the last two stanzas seems to me to be of great beauty—with its touch of sly humour and its tenderness.

13. YOUNG BEICHAN

'THIS very popular ballad,' says Mr. Allingham (*Ballad Book*), 'of which there are numerous versions, including the modern one of *Lord Bateman*, seems founded on an adventure of Gilbert Becket, father of the famous archbishop.' More probably Mr. Andrew Lang is right in asserting that, as with many other ballads, the main idea of the story is very old and was applied to the case of Becket. According to Robert of Gloucester's *Life and Martyrdom of Thomas Becket*, the lady on reaching London knew no English but her lover's name, but by constantly asking for 'Gilbert' she at last discovered him. Jamieson gives another, apparently older—Mr. Allingham says 'inferior'—version called *Young Bekie* (nearer 'Becket'), which is rough, but full of vigorous, comic, and pathetic touches. When 'Burd Isabel' (Lady Isabel), as the damsel is here more romantically named, succeeded in reaching the prison cell and found young Bekie lying there :

Wow, but her heart was sair !
For the mice but and the bald rattons
Had eaten his yellow hair.

A quite Homeric touch, too, is the recognition of Isabel, on her arrival at Beichan's castle, by Hector, a dog that she had given her lover. Moreover, in this older version, the lady isn't quite such a mercenary young person as Susie Pye—which appellation, by the bye, we may hope to be merely a corruption of some charming Moorish name.

7. **Mahound** : Mahomet.

Termagant : a 'fabled god of the Mahometans,' introduced into puppet shows, etc.

34. **May** : maiden, lady.

86. **tirled at the pin** = twirl the latch-pin—the substitute in old ballads for 'knocking' or 'ringing.'

103. **proud** : a common epithet of a porter in ballads. Probably minstrels suffered from their arrogance.

126. **made the table flee** : kicked aside the table in his haste : an expression that occurs in several old ballads.

14. SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

VERY 'eerie' and 'creepy'—perhaps too much so for our collection ; but it is so full of intense pathos and strong imagination that I cannot omit it. Notice the belief that a ghost can find no rest until it gets back the 'faith and troth' that it had given away in life. Our version is that given by Allan Ramsay (1724).

3. **tirled at the pin**. See on *Young Beichan*.

15. MAY COLVIN.

TAKEN from the *Ballad Book* (G.T.S.). Whence the quaint ending originally came I do not know. Another, less vigorous, version (given in the *Children's Garland*) is called *The Outlandish Knight*. 'The country people on the coast of Carrick, in Ayrshire,' says Mr. Allingham, 'point out *Fausse Sir John's Loup*.'

16. ETIN.

THE story of a girl taking to the woods in order to join some outlaw lover is found in several old ballads, such as *Tamlane* and *Etin* (cf. also the *Nut-brown Maid* and Scott's *Outlaw*), and in the age of Robin Hood and other such banished 'foresters'—sometimes doubtless of noble birth—the occurrence was probably not very uncommon. This ballad of *Etin* has none of the eerie and imaginative elements of *Tamlane*, but it contains more

human character and pathos, and is very beautiful. Whether it is altogether genuinely old I cannot say. The fullest version is given in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, 1828. In order to include *Elin* in my collection, it was necessary to make a few small alterations, and to eliminate some of the less-known Scotticisms. Such words as *bonnie*, *kirk*, and the like, have been, of course, allowed to stand, as they are known even in England to most children—or should be known. 'There is,' says Mr. Allingham, 'a similar Swedish ballad. *Elin* seems to mean, or be the name for, a Giant, and in some forms of the story the hero is obscurely spoken of as a supernatural being.'

85-86. proud porter ... *pin*. See on *Young Beichan*.

148. *is thee*: not according to strict rule; but *it's me* and some other similar constructions (cf. Fr. *c'est moi*, and Virgil's *Urbem quam* ... , and Greek 'attractions') are legitimised by long usage. Cf. *Cumnor Hall*, l. 45.

154. *fame and boon* as rimes to *Christendom* are a little rough, but it does not mend the matter to write *Christendame* and *Christendoon*, as in some versions.

17. BROWN ROBYN'S CONFESSION.

FIRST given in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads* (1828), and reproduced in the *Ballad Book* (G.T.S.). Whence Buchan derived it is not known. If not really ancient, it is a fine imitation of the rough metre and simple language of an old ballad, and seems to me to be of high value on account of its descriptive power and its tender sympathetic spirit. The conception is, of course, that of a Roman Catholic, and the vision of the Madonna and Child reminds one of some old Italian painting. *Brown Robyn* is, I imagine, some foreign name in a Scotch disguise. I have been compelled to Anglicise some expressions. For *Wodensaday* see on *Sir Patrick Spens*.

18. HELEN OF KIRCONNELL.

OF this exquisitely beautiful poem—ballad, or lyric, or whatever else we may call it—the most authentic version is probably that given by Sir Walter Scott. This I have reproduced. The Scotticisms will offer no difficulty even to the youngest reader. For *burd*—perhaps originally the word 'bird' used as a pet name—see on *Young Beichan* and see *Lord Ullin's Daughter*.

'The incident on which this ballad is founded,' says Scott, 'is well known. A lady of the name of Helen Irving, or Bell (for this is disputed by the two clans), daughter of the laird of

Kirconnell, in Annandale, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The name of the favoured suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; that of the other has escaped tradition: though it has been alleged that he was a Bell, of Blacket House. The addresses of the latter were, however, favoured by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirconnell, a romantic spot, almost surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carabine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces. Other accounts say that Fleming pursued his enemy to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid.

'The grave of the lovers is yet shown in the churchyard of Kirconnell, near Springkell. Upon the tombstone can still be read—*Hic jacet Adamus Fleming*. A cross and sword are sculptured on the stone. The former is called by the country people the gun with which Helen was murdered, and the latter the avenging sword of her lover. A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed—a token of abhorrence common to most nations.'

Wordsworth's *Ellen Irwin*, in which the same story is treated—perhaps not very successfully—might be read.

19. THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER.

THIS very graceful little ballad owes its preservation—as well as probably numerous 'improvements'—to Dr. Percy, from whose *Reliques* I have taken it. The spelling has been modernised. 'Islington in Norfolk,' says Dr. Percy, 'is supposed to be the place meant.'

20. ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

THIS poem is perhaps not quite strictly a 'ballad.' But it is too fine to be omitted, and has a certain resemblance to *Sir Patrick Spens*. The 'Royal George' was the finest ship in our navy. She had 108 guns. Kempenfeldt, a Swede by birth, was one of the foremost of our naval commanders. The disaster occurred on August 29th, 1782. There were many visitors, including many women and children, on board at the time, and altogether nearly a thousand lives were lost.

21. THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

THIS closely imitates a wonderful poem by the German poet Bürger, a translation of whose still more famous spectre-poem *Leonore* was one of Scott's first literary efforts. Scott has, perhaps prudently, softened down the intense indignation that Bürger's poem expresses against the wrongs not seldom inflicted by the 'rights' of the sporting landowner. The legend of the Wild Huntsman, first put into definite form by Bürger, can be traced back to the 'Wild Hunt' of the god Woden (Odin). In Bürger's poem a huge hand pushes itself up out of the earth and, twisting the hunter's head round, fixes it thus, so that when chased by the hell-hounds he evermore faces them, though his body sits as usual. In some versions the Wild Huntsman is headless. A 'Wildgrave' (*Germ.* Wildgraf), does not mean a 'wild Count,' but a Count who hunts, or preserves game. Cf. *Chevy Chase*, 23. A German family (Salm) still possesses the title 'Rhein- und Wildgraf.'

23. INCHCAPE ROCK.

THE Inchcape, or Bell, rock is about 12 miles from land off the mouth of the river Tay. Southey took his story of the Searover from Stoddart's *Remarks on Scotland*. The word *Inch* means *Isle*.

25. BISHOP HATTO.

THE story of Bishop Hatto and the rats is one of the numerous Legends of the Rhine. On a little island in the middle of the river, not far from Bingen, stands an old tower called the Mäusethurm (Mice-tower). Hundreds of English tourists see it every year and hear the story of the rats. But some people are so fond of doubting everything and of unweaving rainbows, that it has been actually suggested that the word 'Mäusethurm' is only a corruption of some word meaning something quite different (perhaps 'watch tower'), and that the legend—as is the way with legends—originated in the mistaken meaning. But that need not trouble those who can enjoy Southey's delightful ballad of Bishop Hatto. A Hatto, whether or not the one who was eaten up by rats, is said to have been Bishop, or rather Archbishop, of Mainz (formerly Mentz, and called Mayence by the French), a large town a little higher up the river, about 970 A.D. A still more celebrated Archbp. Hatto of Mainz is said to have lived about a century earlier. He too seems to have been notorious for his cruelty and rapacity, and tradition relates that his dead body was thrown down the crater of Mt. Etna by the devil. It seems to have been an unlucky family.

26. THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

PUBLISHED in 1841 in *Ballads and Other Poems*. From Longfellow's Diary (Dec. 27th, 1839) we learn that several ships, among them the schooner *Hesperus*, had lately been wrecked on 'Norman's Woe,' which is one of the many dangerous reefs on the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay, near Boston (N. America), not very far from where Longfellow lived.

14. *Spanish Main*: properly the southern shore of the Caribbean Sea, but here used for the sea itself. In a later edition Longfellow, having discovered the inaccuracy, altered the line to 'Sailed to ...,' but the original line is much more musical. In both cases we must of course supply the relative.

74. *by the board*: overboard.

75. *stove*: i.e. was stove, or staved, in.

27. THE KNIGHT'S LEAP.

ALTENAH, Neuenahr, and Ahrweiler are in the valley of the Ahr, which is a western tributary of the Rhine between Bonn and Coblenz. Near Neuenahr are the springs of the well-known Apollinaris water. The valley is celebrated also for its red wine. Not far off is the interesting plateau called the Eifel. Trier (Trèves; a name derived from the ancient Gallic tribe, the Treviri) is on the Mosel (Fr. *Moselle*). It is now mostly celebrated for its Roman ruins and its wine. Cöln is the German name of what we generally call by its French name, i.e. Cologne (Lat. *Colonia Agrippina*).

GLOSSARY.

THE main object of this Glossary is to help pupils to learn the exact meaning and correct use of words which occur in modern literature, and which should be at the disposal of every educated Englishman or Englishwoman.

Many old words, Scotticisms, etc., are explained in the Notes, and are not given here.

Words now obsolete, or used only in poetry, are marked with an asterisk.

abate (1. 211): lit. to beat down (Fr. *abattre*); hence to diminish, lessen, assuage, subside. *Ex.* He abated his demands. The wind has abated.

Abbot (3. 6, etc.), or **Abbat** (the older and correcter form), also fem. **Abbess**: from the Oriental word *Abba* (father): the superior of a society of monks or nuns (i.e. of an Abbey).

aboon (2. 84, etc.)=above.

aghast (26. 78): amazed, stupefied.

alarm (25. 35): orig.= 'to arms!' (Ital. *all'arme!*). In older writers *alarmed* often means 'prepared for fight' rather than 'frightened.'

amain. See **main**.

an (1. 87, 209, etc.)=if. See Note.

***anon** (3. 1, etc.)=at one, i.e. at once, soon.

appal (21. 115), or **appall**: lit. to make pale, to terrify, strike with panic. *Ex.* An appalling disaster.

appease (4. 130): lit. to make 'at peace' (cf. *atone*); pacify; calm. *Ex.* He appeased his hunger with nuts and berries.

apprentice (19. 12): lit. one who apprehends, i.e. learns; one who is 'indentured' (bound by contract) to a master, in order to learn a trade; a learner.

apostate (21. 166): a Greek word meaning one who 'stands apart' or 'falls off': a rebel, traitor: applied especially to Satan and his angels.

archer : bow-men (Lat. *arcus*, bow ; whence also our 'arch,' and 'aro' ; but *arch* in *archbishop*, etc., is quite different). In l. 54 **archery** is used (cf. *cavalry*, etc.) for a number of archers, or rather as equivalent to 'archers.'

attire (19. 22) : dress, apparel : generally with the notion of fine clothes, ornaments, etc. To *tire* is to dress up, adorn (cf. *tire-woman* = lady's maid). *Ex.* 'She (Jezebel) tired her head.' (This may however possibly mean 'put on a tiara.')

await (2. 95) is now used only transitively. *Ex.* I shall await (expect) you to-morrow, and shall wait for you till three o'clock.

baillif (19. 3) : from a Latin word (*bajulus*) meaning a porter : hence steward, sub-manager of estate ; also a civil functionary ; official in a country town.

***bairn** ; in A. Sax. *bearn* : a child. Connected with 'to bear,' 'born.' Used now mostly in Scotland.

***bale** (1. 211) : an old A. Sax. word : evil, misery. Only used now in poetry. Nothing to do with a *bale* of wool, or to *bale* out a boat.

***basinet** or *basinet* (1. 110) = a little basin : a round metal helmet shaped like a basin. *Ex.* A diadem of gold was set above his bright steel basinet (*Scott*).

bead (25. 68) : orig. 'a prayer.' Cf. Germ. *beten*, *Gebet*. Then applied to the little rose-shaped 'beads' in the 'rosary' (lit. rose-garland) of Roman Catholics, by which they 'tell their beads,' i.e. count their prayers. Hence it came to mean any kind of bead.

beguile (4. 36) : deceive, delude, cheat, dupe ; practise guile (wiles) upon. *Ex.* The Serpent beguiled Eve. We beguiled the time by story-telling.

bespeak (1. 89) : by old writers (also by Milton) is used for 'speak.' The suffix *be* generally makes a verb (in Engl. and in Germ.) transitive, and to **bespeak** ordinarily means to 'tryst' or order beforehand, or to foretell, betoken. *Ex.* I have bespoken three places at (or for) the concert. Her face bespeaks consent.

betide (10. 4) : befall, happen to. Often in exclamation : 'Ill betide ..., ' i.e. 'may bad luck befall'

bier (1. 189) : a framework for carrying (esp. dead bodies ; whereas *litter* is gen. used in case of sick or wounded). From the same root as *to bear*. *Ex.* He touched the bier (*S. Luke vii.*).

bill, or *billhook* (1. 43) : an old Saxon word meaning something sharp used for cutting. Cf. a bird's 'bill.' In his description of the battle of Flodden Sir W. Scott says : 'Bows

being now useless, the English advanced on all sides with their bills, huge weapons that made ghastly wounds... King James was twice wounded with arrows and at length despatched with a bill.'

*bird (22. 21). See note to *Helen of Kirconnell*.

bliss (1. 212): happiness.

bond (8. 12): a writing by which one binds oneself; a contract.
Ex. 'I cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond' (*Merch. of Venice*).

boon (12. 47, etc.): a favour, gift, advantage, blessing. *Ex.* It proved an immense boon. She granted me the boon.

boun (5. 33). See Note, and cf. 22. 1.

bower (4. 19): orig. building; hence chamber, esp. lady's apartment (in Germ. and Swedish = cage, coop). Cf. Scotch *byre*, cow-house. Nowadays, except in poetry, bower generally = arbour, or shady recess. *Ex.* To marshal guests in bower and hall (*Scott*). Eden's bowery loneliness (*Tennyson*).

brake (21. 6) probably here the short form of *bracken* (i.e. fern). The word also means a place overgrown with brambles and brushwood.

brand (1. 43): orig. a piece of burning wood, a fire-brand; hence a flashing sword-blade. *Ex.* Bloody brand of Highland steel (*Scott*).

breaks (6. 49) and breeches are really double plurals; for A. Sax. *brec* is pl. of *broc*, as *feet* of *foot*. Here used with sing. verb!

brook: in old writers (as 1. 209) means to use, enjoy, or to need. Now only used in the sense 'to endure, put up with.'
Ex. I could not brook his insolence. *N.B.*—Also with genitive: *Ex.* 'But nights as these brook not of (do not allow of) glee' (*Scott*).

broom (10. 94): a shrub with long, stiff, wiry, thornless branches, and yellow flowers of the pea-flower tribe—like *genista* and *gorse* (whin). A *broom* is so called because often made of it. Cf. *birch*.

bugle horn (21. 1): the correct expression (used also by Chaucer) for what we generally call a 'bugle'; for a 'bugle' is really a bullock, Lat. *buculus*. In the Isle of Wight, it is said, a bull's head may sometimes be seen on inn-signs accompanied by the word 'bugle.'

buoy (23. 11): seems orig. to have meant a chain; hence a floating object (cask, wooden ball-frame, etc.) secured by a chain to a dangerous rock or sandbank. Hence to buoy = to furnish with a buoy, or to support from sinking. *Ex.* He was buoyed up by a false hope. His manner is very buoyant (cheerful, sanguine).

- burden** (12. 23): sometimes means the chorus or refrain of a song; here it is rather the chief contents, the special message. *Ex.* The burden of his complaints is that everyone avoids him.
- burgher** (27. 17): townsman, inhabitant of a *burgh*, or *borough*, which words originally meant 'stronghold,' 'castle.' Here it is the Germ. *Bürger*.
- cant** (21. 106): a form of *chant*, song, but used to mean insincere, hypocritical, whining, or the jargon peculiar to certain sects and professions, or to beggars, thieves, etc.
- carded wool** (26. 70): combed with a 'card,' i.e. with a toothed instrument, so called because it took the place of the thistle (Lat. *carduus*, Fr. *chardon*) with which the process was originally performed. Such a 'card' has no connexion with the ordinary word *card*.
- carriion** (21. 108): flesh, esp. in a putrefying condition; used as a term of strong contempt and disgust: useless foul carcass. Cf. *carriion-crow*, *carnage*, *carnation*, *carnivorous*, etc., all from Lat. *carn*—, flesh.
- chamberlain** (5. 16): one who has (nominal) charge of the royal private apartments: a court official.
- Chase**: hunt; act of hunting; body of hunters, dogs, etc.; hunting ground; the hunted animal, or ship, etc. *Ex.* It proved a long chase. The chase swept past. The New Forest was a favourite Chase of William the Conqueror. The chase escaped. (Fr. *chasser*, perh. from Lat. *captare*.)
Chevy chase=The hunting of the Cheviot. (See Note.)
 The boys' expression 'to ohivvy' (run after) may, I think, have come from 'Chevy chase.'
- Chevy**: short form of Cheviot. See Note 1. 50.
- churl** (6. 37): an uneducated rustic, boor. The A. Sax. *ceorl* was a freeman of the lowest class. *Ex.* He gave a very churlish answer.
- clamour** (21. 146): uproar, shouting. (Lat. *clamor*.)
- clear**: bright. In 1. 22 of bright broad arrow-heads. In 12. 80 of silver. We now apply it to water and the atmosphere, etc., but not to metals.
- clue** (4. 27), or **clew**: a ball of thread; hence a thread, esp. a thread by which one guides one's way. *Ex.* I lost the clue and failed to follow his remarks. I can find no clue to the mystery. Theseus threaded the labyrinth of the Minotaur with a clue.
- coax** (9. 32): lit. to befool (Old Engl. *coke*=fool); to wheedle, cajole, persuade by fondling or flattery.

cope (3. 71) : an ecclesiastical vestment in the form of a large cloak, often richly decorated. (An old form of *cape*.) It is sometimes used for the arch or vault of the sky, or of a building. The *coping* is the topmost course of stones or bricks that covers and protects a wall, parapet, etc.

crave (7. 29) : beg, implore ; long for. *Ex.* He craved forgiveness. I craved for a drink of water.

crisp : curled, rippling, ruffled, wrinkled, brittle, 'short' (of bread, etc.), fresh (of breeze), sparkling (of liquids). *Ex.* He had a very brisk and crisp manner. The wind crisped the surface of the lake.

chaste (18. 29) : pure. (Lat. *castus*.)

Christendom (16. 72) : the (baptised) state, belief, or character of a Christian (as Germ. *Christentum*) : the whole body of Christians : the whole of the countries professing Christianity. Seldom now used in the first sense.

countenance (19. 8) : lit. the way one holds oneself, demeanour, manner ; hence aspect, visage, face ; also favour, goodwill. Cf. the meanings of *cheer*. *Ex.* He lent his countenance to the project.

course (21. 3). See note on l. 153. It means 'runner,' i.e. swift horse.

coy (19. 5) : lit. quiet (Lat. *quietus*, French *coi*) ; shy, reserved, bashful ; not encouraging familiarity.

crown (1. 81) : used for 'head.' *Ex.* Jack fell down and cracked his crown. In 8. 6 **crown** is a coin—probably meant to represent the Venetian ducat. But in Shakespeare the sum is *three thousand* ducats, the ducat being worth about 4 shillings.

crozier (3. 71) or **crozier** : an archbishop's staff, with a cross at the top ; also used of a bishop's pastoral staff or crook. In the older ballad (see Note) the prelate was a bishop.

crystal : a Greek word for 'ice' ; hence rock-crystal, and glass. Here (4. 9) used as adj. to denote a pure transparent complexion.

couple (21. 5) : a leash (thong, cord, or chain) by which two dogs are connected.

Cupid (7. 23) : the Latin name for the god of love, son of Venus ; conceived as a pretty little winged boy with bow and arrows, and sometimes represented as blind, or with his eyes covered up ('blinded,' 7. 13).

dale (28. 59) : valley, vale.

dee. See *die*.

devise (3. 44) : invent, contrive, dispose or bequeath property.

- Ex.* He devised a clever method of escape. He devised a large bequest to the hospital.
- die**: often to be pronounced *dee* (8. 12), and was sometimes so written.
- dint**: orig., as here (1. 158), a blow; hence, later, the mark made by a blow, a dent. *Ex.* by dint of sword (*Shaks.*); by dint of argument (*Milton*); by dint of pity (*Shaks.*).
- doom**: *subst.*, judgment, fate (generally evil); *verb.*, to pass judgment on, sentence to punishment or death. *Ex.* I felt like a doomed man.
- *doughty**: *adj.* able, competent, good at anything; valiant. *Ex.* If doughty deeds my lady please.
- doun** (28. 58): gently rising ground, esp. near the sea. The same word as *dune* (sand-hill), which occurs in many words, as Dunkirk, Dundee, etc.
- dowry** (13. 152) or *dower*: the portion given with a wife. Also generally (esp. *dower*) for a gift, endowment. *Ex.* The buttercups, the little children's dower (*Browning*). Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love (*Tennyson*).
- Earl** (1. 78): an old Saxon word meaning *chieftain, warrior*. See under *peer*.
- *eake** (8. 68): also. Cf. Germ. *auch*. See Note.
- *elfin** (10. 25) and *elfish* (or *elvish*) are *adjs.* of *elf*, a fairy.
- entrails** (21. 181): internal parts; generally of the intestines of animals. Very seldom used in singular.
- estate** (7. 96): condition, rank; a stated (definite) piece of land, property. It is the French form of the word *state*, an *e* being generally prefixed before *st*, *sp*, etc., to make the pronunciation easier for French mouths.
- fain** (1. 116): *adj.* and *adv.* glad, gladly. (Perh. same root as *fair* = pleasant, beautiful.) *Ex.* He was fain to do it. (This nowadays means rather that he was glad to do it so as to avoid something worse.) I would have fain come, had it been possible. *N.B.*—As *adv.*, *fain* is generally used with 'would,' or 'should,' or in such expressions as 'I were fain dead.' Cf. use of *liefe*, *liefer*.
- *fane** (21. 34): a sacred place, a temple (Lat. *fanum*); a church. Hence *profane*, i.e. what has to stand in front of the sacred place and dare not enter its precincts.
- fallow** (6. 15): pale yellow-red (as contrasted with the larger *red* deer): perh. from Lat. *pallidus* (Germ. *fahl*, and *fals*); Dutch *vaal*, whence the Transvaal gets its name, the Vaal being a yellow river, like the old Trojan Xanthus. (Cf. Orange River.)

***fantasy** (4. 38), and its shorter form **fancy**, are much used in older writers for love, passionate infatuation. *Ex.* Tell me where is fancy bred? In maiden meditation, fancy-free (*Shaks.*).

fairy flax (26. 5). Longfellow perhaps means some delicate wild flax. I know of no 'fairy flax' in Europe. The ordinary flax of cultivation has a beautiful blue flower, and there is an Alpine wild flax of a still more beautiful light blue.

***feared** (17. 30): frightened. The verb *fear* is not now used to mean *make afraid*, so that it is incorrect to say 'I am not feared of (at) him.' Perhaps *feared* is purposely used here, as it is a rough sailor who is speaking.

fee (2. 38, etc.): property, dowry, estate, wages. *Fee, fief, feu* (Scotch lease), *feudal*, etc., are all connected. Nowadays *fee* means the sum paid for professional services. *Ex.* The doctor's fees are very high. 'I do not set my life at a pin's fee,' i.e. value (*Hamlet*).

feign (7. 4): invent, pretend; counterfeit, simulate. *Ex.* He feigned gladness (or to be glad). Under a feigned name. (From same root as *figment* and *fiction*.)

***flaw** (26. 11): a squally wind.

flax. See **fairy flax**.

fleur (8. 8): sneer; look contemptuously, or rather with contemptuous mock-civility.

float (23. 29). See **buoy**.

forfeit (3. 40): lost to the previous owner, confiscated—to a king, or to the state, or to one party in a contract, etc. It can be used as noun, verb, and adj. (or rather p. part., as well as *forfeited*). Every one knows the game of 'forfeits.' In the *Jew of Venice* (No. 8) the *forfeit*, or *forfeiture*, is the pound of flesh.

forlorn (25. 25): lit. 'lost' (Ger. *verloren*); hence deserted, desolate, sad. *Ex.* A maiden all forlorn: A forlorn hope. (Here 'hope' is said to mean 'troop' and to have no connexion with the ordinary word *hope*.)

gallant (4. 87): handsome, delightful, pleasing to the eye. Now oftener 'chivalrous,' 'highspirited.' In such expressions as a 'gallant ship' both meanings seem combined. *Ex.* They made a gallant stand. The flowers made a gallant show.

***gat** (16. 72): an old form of *got*, frequent in the Bible and still used in poetry. *Ex.* 'But he (David) gat no heat.' 'Abraham begat Isaac.'

***gear** (3. 20): an old A. Sax. word meaning what is prepared, ready: hence property, outfit, tackle, dress, etc.

- *glade**, or **gleed** (1. 57): live coal, red-hot wood-ash. Of same root as *glow*.
- glen** (6. 106): a small deep wooded valley, ravine. It occurs as *glyn*, *lyn*, *lin*, etc., in many Celtic names.
- goosehawk** (9. 83, etc.) = goose-hawk; a large hawk used for hunting wild geese, cranes, etc.
- guilt**: orig. something owed, something to be paid for, requited, or atoned; a debt, a crime. Now used rather for the consciousness of, or the blame for, an evil action. Hence **guilty**, **guiltless**. *Ex.* They attributed the guilt to him though guiltless.
- hale** (1. 170): an old form of **haul**. Nowadays generally used only as in *Acts*, viii. 3, i.e. to drag before a judge or tribunal.
- hart**: a male red deer. The word orig. meant 'a horned animal.' (A.S. *heort*.)
- hazard** (4. 67): venture, risk, orig. at a game of dice. *Ex.* He did it at (the) hazard of his life. He hazarded all his fortune.
- heel** (20. 7): to lean, tilt, or 'cant' over to one side; used especially of a ship or boat. *Ex.* With a strong breeze on her quarter the schooner was heeling over to the leeward.
- *heir** (13. 23): to inherit. Not now used as verb.
- helm** (2. 62): used often for the whole steering gear (rudder, wheel or tiller, etc.), but really only the tiller, as it means a *handle*. Cf. 'helve' (of an axe) and 'hilt' (of a sword). To be distinguished from *helm*, of which the dim. *helmet* is generally used.
- hermit** (21. 120), or **eremite**, means 'one who lives in the desert'; a recluse, one who withdraws from the world.
- Hesperus** (26. 1): a Greek word meaning the 'Evening Star.' Cf. *Vesper*.
- *hie** (7. 14, etc.): to hasten, speed, go quickly.
- holland** (15. 25): fine linen. See under **Milan**.
- holt** (21. 50): grove, wood, plantation. (Germ. *Holz* is the common word for wood, timber.)
- hose** (6. 53): stockings. Used as plural in this sense. In what sense is it used as singular?
- hurricane** (26. 16): said to be a native American word. A violent tempest, not uncommon in the tropics.
- impetuous** (21. 71): headlong, fiery, forward, rushing.
- inquire** (19. 34): seek, search: used here transitively, as Lat. *inquirere*. Usually it is followed by a preposition, e.g. for, after, about, into, etc.

- into** (2. 90) and **inill* (17. 1) are sometimes used by old writers where we now use 'in.'
- jost** (3. 106). In old English, and French, *geste* (Lat. *res gesta*) meant 'exploit' (see note to 8.); hence a diverting act or saying.
- *joyance** (23. 20): a long and uncommon form of joy. Cf. *riddance*, etc.
- ken** (10. 23): *verb* and *noun*: know, recognise, view, reach of sight or knowledge. As verb used now only in poetry, and in the north. *Ex.* That lies beyond the ken of human reason. He has an eagle's ken.
- kilt** (14. 41): to tuck up (a Scandinavian word): hence the *kilt* of the Highlanders.
- *kine** (21. 108): an old plural of *cow*. Cf. oxen, brethren, etc. *Ex.* Pharaoh's lean kine.
- kirk** (12. 43, etc.): a form of *church*: in Germ. *Kirche*, Dutch *kerk*, Dan. *Kirke*, etc. All from a Greek word meaning 'the Lord's house.'
- knell** (21. 29): sound; especially the sound of a tolling bell (23. 68). Hence for a diamal, foreboding, or warning note.
- lea** (18. 4, etc.) less correctly *lee*: orig. cleared land, a clearing, a pasture, open grass-land.
- league** (2. 53): a Celtic word. The English land league is 3 miles, the sea league about 3½.
- *learn** (3. 62): teach. Cf. *Psalm*, xxv. 4 (Prayerbook Version). This use of *learn*, as is the case with many old words and expressions, is now regarded as vulgar.
- liege** (3. 17, 28): acc. to some from a Germ. word meaning 'free,' 'independent'; acc. to others from a Lat. word meaning 'bound,' 'vassal'! Perhaps therefore used in both senses. A *liege lord* is a free, independent sovereign; whereas *liege* often means loyal, subject, and a *liege-man* is a vassal. (Possibly, however, the meaning is 'the man of an independent prince.') Cf. *allegiance*.
- lies** (18. 31). Notice that in Scottish dialect one can say 'thou has,' 'thou takes,' etc., where the correct English form is 'thou hast,' etc.
- light** (9. 67) or **alight**: to descend (from horse, carriage, etc.), settle (of a bird); also to *light upon* = to come upon, fall in with. *Ex.* He alighted from the train. I lighted (or lit) upon a rare flower.
- *list** (6. 56): desire, inclination. *Ex.* The ship has a list to star-board (leans over to the right). 'As the winds listed' (*Comus*).

loop-hole (25. 50): said to be from Dutch *luipen*, 'to peep': a narrow slit in the walls of forts through which riflemen shoot. Hence also a hole or chink through which one can escape. *Ex.* He gave me no loop-hole (means of escape or denial).

loth, or **loath**: orig. meant hateful, odious, (loathly): hence (as 2. 81) unwilling, reluctant. Contrast *fain*. *Ex.* I should be very loth to believe it.

lurid (21. 24): yellowish red; of the colour of flame obscured by smoke. The word gives (in English) a picture of gloom, smoke, or cloud, and red or yellow light. *Ex.* A lurid sunset. From the volcano shot upward lurid flames.

main (1. 112) in 'with might and main,' and 'amain,' is evidently the French word meaning 'hand' (*hand* intimating blows or violence, as also in Greek and Latin). The other *main*, meaning 'great' or 'chief,' as in *mainland*, etc., is from Lat. *magnus* (great), which we have in 'magnificent,' etc. **Main** is also used for the 'high sea.' See note to 26. 14, and cf. 20. 32.

March pl. **Marches** (1. 195): boundary, frontier. Here used of the Border country between England and Scotland. The word is of Germ. or Saxon origin (A. Sax. *mearc*), and occurs in many names, such as Denmark, Marquess and Marchioness, Margrave, etc.

martyr (21. 139): means really 'a witness,' i.e. one whose life is given as a witness to the truth.

mass (3. 101): the Roman Catholic service of the Eucharist (Lord's Supper). The word (Fr. and Germ. *Messe*) is a corruption of Lat. *missa*, 'dismissed,' used by the priest when dismissing the general congregation before the celebration of the Mass. In 27. 31 the reference is to the habit of singing masses for the dead.

***master-man** (17. 8): captain of a ship; skipper.

matin (21. 39): the French word for 'morning'; used in English esp. in reference to the early Church service. Cf. *Vesper*.

meet (14. 52): lit. well measured (cf. *mete*); close-fitting; hence suitable.

mere (11. 16): sea (Lat. *mare*, Fr. *mer*, Germ. *Meer*); also lake. *Ex.* Estmere (11. 25), Windermere.

mitre (3. 71): a tall head-gear used by prelates.

***mickle** (1. 54): *adj.* and *adv.* great, much. An old English word, now mostly used in Scotland. *Ex.* A noble peer of mickle trust and power (*Comus*).

***Milan** (1. 114): steel, from Milan in Italy. A long and interesting list might be made of words derived from names of places or nations. *Ex.* holland, damaskeen, damask (colour),

damson, china, japan, jalap, Sherry, Port, Hook, peach, pheasant, silk, duffel, muslin, etc.

minstrel (16. 89, etc.): orig. meant an attendant (*minister*), one of the retinue of a king or noble; hence especially applied to a court musician, harper, bard.

***mis-begotten** (21. 184): of shameful birth; monstrous.

mite (8. 51): orig. a chip, something cut or broken off; a small coin (broken off a larger) formerly in use; a tiny insect, to be found in cheese, etc. *Ex.* 'And she threw in two mites, which make a farthing.'

molest (6. 6): annoy, disturb, harass.

moss (10. 19, etc.): marsh, bog.

myriads (25. 64): tens of thousands. (A Greek word.) Often used to denote any very large number.

***new-nerved** (21. 116): strung anew (like a bow); inspired with new strength; with muscles 'steemed' by fear. The word **nerve** is used not only in its ordinary sense, but sometimes (esp. in poetry) for muscular strength. Hence *nervous* may mean either with weak, excitable nerves, or else brawny, sinewy, vigorous. *Ex.* Nervous oratory.

nonce (5. 22) = once. *For the nonce* is really *for then once*, the then being the old dat. case of *the*. Here it means 'once upon a time.' We now use the expression to mean 'just for this once.' *Ex.* I'll do it just for the nonce.

***offend** (4. 72): hurt, wound. Not now used of bodily injuries.

omen (21. 33): an occurrence that portends (predicts) good or evil; a portent; an augury. Thus *ill-omened* means what is undertaken under bad omens, or auguries; doomed to misfortune.

ordeal (24. 1): an old Saxon word: a trial or test (e.g. by red-hot iron, etc.) of a person's innocence. Here the test is by a public challenge made by the accuser.

***orient** (4. 7) is a Lat. word meaning 'rising'; hence 'eastern.' The *Orient* means countries such as Asia Minor, Persia, etc. *Ex.* Offering . . . his orient liquor in a crystal glass (*Comus*).

***pale** (21. 78): paling, fence.

***palmer** (6. 23): one who bears a palm-branch in token of having been to the Holy Land; a pilgrim.

***passingly** (7. 105): surpassingly.

peer (5. 10): an equal, one of the same rank or same worth: one belonging to the five degrees of nobility (duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron). *Ex.* For Lycidas is dead . . . and hath not left his peer (*Milton*). He is a peer of the realm.

- pike** (4. 83): prob. from same root as *spike* (Lat. *spica*. Cf. peak, beak, etc.): a heavy spear, such as the Romans used (Lat. *pilum*); also the bar of a toll-gate, and a fish—so called from its pointed snout. Pilgrims carried a staff with a spike, called a pike-staff.
- pine** (13. 56): the same word originally as *pain* (Lat. *poena*). Now only as verb with the sense of *languish*, *grow weak through pain*.
- pin** (16. 86, etc.). See note on 13. 86.
- *pinion** (12. 18): wing. Mostly used in poetry.
- pittance** (21. 66): orig. the food given as alms (for 'pity') to monks. Hence any small amount of food, money, etc.
- pledge** (12. 59): give as security: used like *plight*, but of quite different origin. *Ex.* He pledges his honour that he will do so. He has taken the pledge.
- *plight** (12. 60): vowed, undertook on word of honour: formerly used where we use *plighted*. *Ex.* 'And keep the faith his promise plight.' 'His faith stands plight to Heaven' (*Scott*).
- *post** (3. 8). To *post* or *ride post* orig. meant to ride or drive with relays of horses that were kept at certain *posts* (stations): hence to ride fast, hurry. *Ex.*:
Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown ...
- prattle** (15. 57): perhaps a diminutive from *prate*: chatter, talk glibly and childishly.
- presently** (4. 117, etc.): forthwith, straightway. Now generally intimates a short lapse of time. *Ex.* I waited patiently, and presently I saw him approaching. I shall be back presently.
- quarry**: (1) a stone-pit, or rather a place where stones are cut square (Lat. *quadrare*, to four-square);
*(2) dead game (Fr. *curée*, from Lat. *corium*, a skin; because some of the flesh of the dead animal was wrapped in the skin and given to the dogs).
- *quick** (7. 17): living ('quick and dead'), lively, sensitive; hence as subst. = the more sensitive flesh, under the skin: often used metaphorically. *Ex.* His unkindness touched me to the quick. See 21. 166 for the verb *quicken*, to incite, stimulate.
- quit** (1. 210): orig. meant 'quiet' (Lat. *quietus*); hence settled, paid, discharged. The words *quiet*, *quite*, *quit*, *acquit* are all connected.

- **quo*' (2. 17, etc.) or *quoth*: the past tense of an old word *queath* (speak), which we have in the word *bequeath*.
- raise*: *v.* to 'put up' game (1. 20). Not often used thus nowadays.
- ransom* (1. 123): short form of *redemption* through Fr. *rançon*: the price paid for release from captivity or bondage. *Ex.* A single pearl, whose value exceeded a king's ransom. As verb = to redeem.
- **rede*: the same word as *read* (i.e. decipher, explain, aid with advice): spelt in the old way when meaning to *advise*: hence *rede* (21. 43), advice, solemn talk.
- revile* (6. 17): abuse, call evil names, upbraid.
- rid* (25. 25): orig. to snatch away, save; hence to free, clear, deliver. *Ex.* I mean to rid myself of him. He has rid his garden of (from) weeds. It's a good riddance. I have at last got rid of my cough.
- rift* (21. 182): crack, fissure, chasm. *Ex.* 'The little rift within the lute, That soon shall make the music mute' (Coleridge).
- rill* (21. 117): a little stream, brook, rivulet, streamlet.
- roam* (21. 170): wander, ramble, rove: in poetical style used as transitive; commonly followed by preposition. *Ex.* In spring it is pleasant to roam (through, or over) the meadows.
- rochet* (3. 71): a sort of surplice that forms a part of a bishop's dress (A. Sax. *roc*, Germ. *Rock*=coat).
- **Rover* (23. 23): robber, sea-robber, pirate. To *rove*, to *reave* (bereave), and to *rob* are forms of the same word. Hence *rove* came to mean to wander, roam.
- rue*: *v.* to feel sorrow, regret, pity; to repent, be grieved. Also as *impers.* 'it rues me that'.... Cf. *ruth*=pity; *ruthless*=pitiless.
- russet* (28. 57): reddish, red-brown. Thus Scott speaks of autumn woods as a 'shroud of russet dropt with gold.' Then, because of its colour, it means coarse homespun, and also 'rustic.'
- ruthless* (21. 111). See *rue*.
- saddle-tree* (27. 15): the wooden framework of a saddle.
- score* (1. 102): orig. a notch (fr. root *acer*, cut. See on *shire*). In keeping scores, reckonings, every twenty was marked by a longer notch. Hence a *score*=twenty. *Ex.* Three score years and ten.
- scorn* (6. 36) meant orig. to 'un-horn,' i.e. break or take off any one's horns, an old expression for humiliating, insulting, debasing, lowering a person's pride. Cf. the Biblical 'exalt the horn.'

scour (21. 86 and 23. 42) : the original sense, seen in 'scouring a floor,' is to pass swiftly to and fro over a surface : hence to *scour* land and sea, etc.

seam (16. 2) : from the same root as *sew*, which is found in many European languages : something sewn ; the *suture* or juncture, where two things are sewn or joined together ; hence also a thin vein or layer (*stratum*) of metal or stone. *Ex.* His coat was darned and seamed. His face was seamed with a deep scar. The seams of the boat were caulked with oakum.

serf (21. 4) : a slave, menial : from Lat. *servus*, a slave. It is used often of the (now nominally abolished) peasant vassals in Russia.

sergeant (8. 28) : orig. = servant, official. Now used to denote a certain kind of non-commissioned officer, or a higher police official, or a lawyer of high standing, or a court official. (Also spelt *serjeant* in the last two senses.)

shaft (11. 20) : an arrow : really the wooden part of a spear or arrow. Hence also things of similar shape : the shaft of a column, of a chimney, or steeple ; the circular metal shaft of a steamer's screw or paddle-wheels, etc.

sheriff (6. 63) = shire reeve, i.e. the *reeve* (magistrate) of a shire.

shift (7. 68) : to change (direction, position, clothes, etc.) *Ex.* The wind suddenly shifted. The ship's ballast has shifted. Hence *shift* = a change of clothes (undergarment), or an expedient, device, contrivance.

shire (1. 14) : a division, i.e. a tract of country, a county (from a root *scer*, meaning 'cut,' which is found in many languages. Cf. our *shear*, *share*, *shore*, *shard*, *shred*, etc.). Notice that standing alone it is *shire*, but in 'Cheshire,' 'Lancashire,' etc., it is pronounced *shēr*, and in ballads it sometimes is a rime to 'hear.'

shroud (20. 9) : orig. perhaps almost = *shred*, i.e. something cut or torn off : hence a piece of cloth, a wrapper or covering, a winding-sheet for a dead body ; also the 'dress' or tackling of a ship ; then especially the large ropes that extend from the mast to each side of the vessel. *To shroud* = to cover, veil, hide (21. 92).

***sith** (8. 47) : since. (*Since* is contracted from *sithence*. Cf. Germ. *seit* and *seidem*.)

slack (6. 105). See note.

***slack** (8. 25) : to delay.

sleepy (12. 63), as *drowsy* (10. 5), is sometimes active in meaning : soporiferous, disposing to sleep.

sleight (5. 2): from 'sly' (as *height* from *high*): a sly trick, cunning; a dexterous trick; dexterity. *Ex.* A fox possesses rare sleight. The sleight foiled his pursuers. His sleight of hand (jugglery, legerdemain) is wonderful.

***smock** (15. 25) = shift.

sombre (21. 173): a French word; dark, gloomy. Probably short for *sur l'ombre*, 'under the shade.' Cf. *sombrero*, a broad-brimmed Spanish hat.

spite: short form of *despite* (same root as *despise*): contempt, malice, defiance. *In (the) spite of* (1. 68): in defiance of, notwithstanding.

sprightly (9. 23): incorrect form of *spritely*, i.e. full of spirit, lively, gay, cheerful, animated.

squire (1. 89) or **esquire** (the French almost always inserting *e* before words beginning with *sc*, *sq*, *st*, etc.) meant orig. 'shield-bearer' (Lat. *scutarius*): then it was given as title of the rank next below the knights (i.e. justices of the peace, sheriffs, and other magistrates, and landed proprietors). The title is nowadays applied to many who have no legal right to it.

***stane** (11. 10, etc.): used in the north for 'stone.'

stark (26. 49): in Old English, as in German, the sense is *stiff*, and consequently rigid, strong. (Cf. *starch*). Hence 'strongly,' 'wholly,' as in *stark-mad*, etc.

steed (1. 55): horse.

***still** (21. 159): used as noun = stillness, silence (Germ. *Stille*). Seldom thus used except in poetry.

stove (26. 75). See note.

sue (8. 27): lit. to follow (*pursue* being a longer form); to ply with entreaties, to woo; to pursue at law, bring a *suit* against. *Ex.* He sued (for) her hand. She sued him for breach of promise. (To *sue a bond* is to claim the fulfilment of a bond.)

surge (23. 13): lit. a 'rise': a great roll, or swell (23. 57) in the open sea. When it breaks on the land it causes *surf* (26. 63) and *breakers* (23. 53).

swarthy (21. 20), or ***swart**: black, blackened by fire or the sun. *Ex.* 'Swart, like my shoe' (*Shaks.*). The Egyptian's swarthy complexion.

taint (24. 13): orig. to moisten: hence to make dirty, pollute, infect with a bad taste or smell. *Ex.* The water is tainted with chemicals. His honour is untainted.

target (4. 70): dim. from *targe* (wh. is used in poetry), an old word found in French, Italian, and German, meaning a

- circular shield or buckler : used also as an object for archers to shoot at.
- tawny** (21. 23) : reddish yellow ; it is the French *tanné*, 'tanned.'
Ex. A tawny African lion. The tawny Tiber. See under *fallow*.
- *till** (13. 33) = *to*. Cf. *intill* = in(to).
- *tirl** (13. 86, etc.). See note.
- tithe** (10. 12) = *tenth* ; a tax or tribute (lit. of one tenth) ; esp. used of certain profits on land, etc., due to a clergyman.
- train** (21. 16) : line of huntsmen. The word means anything drawn along or drawn out, and has very many applications.
- *tree** (1. 105 ; 9. 12, etc.) : wood ; shaft of spear, or arrow.
- trim** (7. 13, 72 ; and see note) : orig. well-ordered ; neat, tidy, smart, well-adjusted. To *shoot trim* = to shoot smartly, skilfully, accurately. *Ex.* The boat is not well trimmed (i.e. has a 'list'). The hedge is neatly trimmed (clipped). The garden looks quite trim.
- troth** (1. 53, etc.) : a form of *truth* : fidelity, loyalty, good faith, honour. *Ex.* He pledged, or plighted, his troth (or his word). She is betrothed.
- *trow** (28. 5) : trust, believe. Cf. Germ. *trauen*. Used mostly in the expression 'I trow,' i.e. I believe, I feel certain. *Ex.* 'I trow not' (*Bible*).
- usury** (8. 2) : the Lat. word for what we call 'interest,' but with us it means exorbitant, illegal, interest.
- veer** (26. 11) : to turn, twist, shift ; especially of the wind. Another form is *to wear*, used of turning a ship on a new tack.
- *visor** (24. 14), or *visor* : the movable face-guard of a helmet. Cf. *visage*, *vision*, etc.
- vouchsafe** (7. 51) : lit. to vouch (attest) as safe : to grant ; to deign, condescend. *Ex.* He vouchsafed me no reply. 'Vouchsafe to keep us this day without sin' (*Te Deum*).
- wages** (1. 121) : *pl.* of *wage*, a form of the word *gage* (pawn, security), whence *gages* or *wages* = amounts stipulated to be paid. *Wages* is sometimes regarded as the sum total of such amounts, and used as a singular. *Ex.* The wages of sin is death.
- *ware** : *adj.* on one's guard, alert, conscious of (1. 41). In this last sense more commonly *aware* (i.e. on one's ware, or guard). Cf. *beware*, *wary*, and the exclamation 'ware !' used by sportsmen, etc., like the Fr. '*gare !*'
- *waterwraith**. See *wraith*.
- wax** (5. 21) : grow, increase, become. *Ex.* The moon waxes and wanes. He waxed eloquent.

weather (26. 31) : as verb = get safely through a storm, or round a cape. Hence, to overcome ill-fortune, etc. *Ex.* I have weathered all difficulties.

wee (16. 113) is said to be really the word 'way,' and to have got its meaning of 'small' from the phrase 'a little way' (pronounced *wee* in the north). Similarly the Scotch use 'bit' as adjective. *Ex.* A wee bit boy.

weird (11. 57) : orig. 'what happens' : hap, fate, destiny. As *adj.* still common : supernatural, unearthly, strange, eerie.

***well-wight** (9. 79). See **wight**.

***whenas** (4. 1, etc.) : when : no longer used in conversational language, though to be found in poetry. Cf. *whereas*.

whin (12. 14) : gorse, furze.

wield (1. 97) : use, manage, sway. *Ex.* The Czar wielded absolute power. He wields the willow (cricket bat) grandly.

***wight, subst.** (4. 146) : person, being : an old word, surviving in 'not a whit,' 'no whit (naught, not).'

***wight, adj.** (17. 79) : active, warlike. In A. Sax. *vig* or *wig* means 'war.'

win (12. 25) : arrive, reach a place. We use it now generally only as transitive, e.g. 'to win the harbour,' etc.

***withouten** (1. 48) : old form of *without*. (The A. Sax. forms are *withutan* and *withinnan*.)

***yestreen** (2. 49) : yestereven. (We say, awkwardly enough, 'yesterday evening.') Cf. *yestermorn*, *yesternight*.

***won** (15. 43) : past tense of *win*, to arrive, reach.

***won** (11. 62) : dwell, be accustomed. Now only used in *wont* (accustomed).

***wots** or **wot** (8. 53) : knows : **wot** (13. 30), know ; from the verb *wit*, which survives still in the expression *to wit* ('that is to say').

***wraith** (22. 26) : spectre, apparition. *Water-wraiths* are water-spirits that are represented as howling and crying for their prey.

wring (1. 197) : twist, squeeze. *Ex.* To wring out a cloth. To wring a confession from some one. His heart was wrung with grief.

***wind** (21. 1) : to blow (a horn, etc.) ; from the same root as the noun *wind* (which is still pronounced with a long *i* in poetry). It has no connexion with the verb *wind* meaning 'twist'. Its past tense should be *winded*, but *wound* is also often used. *Ex.* 'That blast was winded by the king' (*Scott*). 'His bugle then the helmsman wound' (*Scott*).

winsome (22. 23): charming, delightful. Has perhaps no direct connexion with 'win,' 'winning,' 'winningly,' but is from an old word *wynn* (Germ. *Wonne*) meaning 'joy,' 'rapture.' It is a pretty word, and might well be used more frequently.
Ex. The child has very winsome manners.

***wild** (1. 23). See note.

wild (21. 170): an unfrequented region. More commonly in plural. *Ex.* The wilds of Central Africa.

willow (24. 11): used for mourning-wreaths, decorations of tombs, etc. Desdemona's 'Willow Song' should be read.

HINTS, QUESTIONS, AND SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

1. Quote, or give as nearly as possible in the language of the original, any passages in *Chevy Chase* which seem to you especially notable for (1) chivalrous feeling, (2) vivid description, (3) imagination.

2. Is the character of Percy in *Chevy Chase* similar to that of Shakespeare's Hotspur? (In order to answer this, one must of course read, or hear read, some passages from *Henry IV.*, Part I.)

3. Give just the main outline of the historical facts that probably lie at the back of *Chevy Chase*.

4. Perhaps the chief characteristic of *Sir Patrick Spens* is the wonderful series of vivid pictures which it presents in rapid succession, each distinct, but all together forming a connected story. Describe these various scenes, with quotations, as vividly as you can, and in such a way as to give a connected story.

5. Quote from the *Death of Darnley* any expressions or statements which you think support the assertion made in the last stanza in regard to the date of its composition, and show your reasons for so thinking. Do this in such a way as to make it evident that you know the main outline of the story of the Queen of Scots.

6. Give the story of the Jew of Venice as related in the ballad, and try to express your feelings as to the wonderful way in which Shakespeare has improved upon the story. (About twenty minutes given in class to the story of Shakespeare's play and to the trial scene will suffice for this.)

7. Relate fully, and as dramatically as you can, any fairy tale or other kind of story that you happen to know, besides the *Fairy Prince*, in which a human being takes the form of a bird, or other animal.

8. After reading *Young Tamlane* we feel as if we ourselves had been actually present at the weird midnight scene. It is of course useless to try to discover how the poet produces such a wonderful effect. He himself could not have told us this. But

you might try to show the effect that he has produced on you, by describing as vividly as possible the contents of the ballad, and by quoting any passages that especially affect you.

9. In *Kempion* we are not in Elfland, but in the age of monsters—an age that is not entirely fabulous, though how far it coincided with some early age of the human race one cannot say. Here too we seem to have been actual spectators of the fray, and of the beautiful scene of transformation. Describe these things, with as much quotation as you can give, and illustrate by quotations the wonderful change from the fury and heroism of the first part to the tenderness and love expressed in the latter part of the poem.

10. Express, as fully and as accurately as you can, your own feelings in regard to the concluding scene of the *Gay Goshawk*—whether or not you agree with what I have said in the note to the ballad. Can you remember any other story of somewhat the same kind? If not, ask someone to tell you about Romeo and Juliet.

11. *Elm* differs from some other old ballads (such as *Johnnie Armstrong*) in depicting the 'quality of mercy' and the power of love rather than—what was perhaps too common in that age—the delights of vengeance. Give the story, with quotations, in such a way as to bring out this characteristic.

12. Such exquisite poems as *Helen of Kirconnell* and *Lord Ulin's Daughter* should be learnt by heart, and perhaps (on account of the Scotticisms) written out, rather than repeated aloud in class. No attempt should be made to put them into any other form, nor to use them for 'language exercises' of any kind.

13. *Bishop Hatto* is a capital piece for reading aloud in class. It is very dramatic and vigorous; the tone is half humorous, and the language is simple. The *Royal George* might be used for like purpose, or for recitation. It will require more skill, on account of its lyrical character.

14. The *Wreck of the Hesperus* is another poem which should be learnt by heart, if possible, and not used for language-exercises. The story is so simple that it can be given in a few words, but the descriptive power and the pathos, in favourable cases, have a wonderful influence; and the best way of securing this influence in pupils is to feel it oneself, and to try to impart it.

BOOKS THAT MIGHT BE HELPFUL

1. Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, in which will be found an interesting Essay on 'The Ancient Minstrels in England.'

2. Sir W. Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the Introduction to which gives an account of the state of the Border country in the age of Hotspur, and later.

3. An article on Ballads, by Mr. Andrew Lang, in Chambers' *Cyclop. of Engl. Literature*. (New edition, Vol. I., p. 520.)

4. An article on Ballads, also by Mr. Lang, in the *Encyclop. Britannica*, Vol. III.

5. An article on Robin Hood, by Prof. Hales, in the *Encyclop. Britannica*.

6. Articles on Ballads and Ballad Music in Grove's *Dictionary of Music*. ('Art' and 'Song.')

7. The Introduction to Mr. Allingham's *Ballad Book* in the Golden Treasury Series.

8. S. C. Hall's edition of *British Ballads*. (Cassell & Co. 7s. 6d.)

9. The one final authority on Old English Ballads and their very numerous versions is Prof. Child's work in eight volumes, published in America between 1882 and 1898.

10. An abridgment of Prof. Child's work, edited by Sargent and Kittredge, has just been published (1905) in England by Nutt, one volume, 12s. 6d. net.

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